THIS QUARTER

Edited & Published by EDWARD W. TITUS

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THIS QUARTER

January - February - March

EDITORIALLY :

WHY PEOPLE TRAVEL

In *Demi-Gods*, a volume replete with homely wisdom and the slyest of Irish humour, Mr. James Stephens relates the adventures of a group of celestial and terrestrial personages travelling through Ireland. He opens one of the book's chapters with the words : "They continued to travel", and adds for the sake of greater lucidity : "It would be more correct to say they continued their search of food, for that in reality was the objective of each day's journeying".

By an excess of courtesy only may one consider Mr. Stephens's characters as travelers. Locomotion with such an end in view as theirs would be rather in the nature of a search — much in the manner of a well-known Pirandellian whimsicality — undertaken by an assemblage of natural organs for the means to enable them to perform their predestined functions.

To be sure, parsimonious seasons have been known to set on foot migrations of tribes. And to the extent to which drink may be a part of man's nourishment, we are by now well inured to the phenomenon of great numbers of individuals transporting themselves from the shores of a land richly stocked with every imaginable necessary of life, across watery wastes, to find liquid food of a very special and potent or potential kind. The spectacle so offered testifies perhaps to a certain still lingering need of or loyalty to accustomed social amenities, to great patience and good humour, but it is not a proud spectacle by any means, diverting as the thirsty gaddings might be. The irrepressible punster chuckles at the sight of stalwart virtuous spirits traveling such great length for pure

spirits' sake. Montaigne tells of some nations that when they are eating, cover themselves. In contrast there are others that when they are drinking, expose themselves... to the world's hilarity.

Yes, the desire to quench thirst as the desire to still hunger is apt to lead groups of individuals to quit their habitations as well as their habitat, but it may be safely said that the great flood of travelers from one country to another is not due to search of food or drink.

MORTIFIED PRIDE

Nor will an enquiry into the question why people travel be much advanced by recalling Gulliver's flourish that he travelled "to mortify pride." Mr. Lemuel Gulliver was said to have been a native of Nottinghamshire. Very well. Barring the celestials indigenous to that shire, we still have to be swept off our feet by man, woman or intermediate, who would book saloon accommodation on the Mauretania, Isle de France, Europa or the Leviathan, in order to "mortify pride." Great peace and lightness of spirit would descend upon us, and memorable, indeed, would be the experience, should we ever, on board ship or train, in hotel lobby or such other like place where travelers congregate, be spared the infliction of sundry confiding individuals growing voluble, usually in derogation of the country they are visiting, on the grandeur of their own country and its supremacy in most of those things that constitute the supposed high-water mark of civilization, — innocent all the while of the suspicion that they may be revealing their own and their country's foibles when they believe to have discovered those of another. On the whole, the notion that people travel "to mortify pride" may well be dismissed. That they travel to exalt it, would be more to the point.

TRAVEL AS EDUCATION

Again it has been said that people travel to educate themselves, which may well be so in individual instances. That it is true also of the mass, we are much tempted to question. For in what sort of manner is travel supposed to lead to educational fruition?

When books were the exclusive possession of the elect and literacy was the privilege of the few; when schools were scarce, when pictorial representation was but rarely available for public view and the art of reproducing it (or "machine pictures", as the late D. H. Lawrence called it), proceeded at snail's pace and photography was not even dreamed of, wandering leisurely about the world may have instructively impressed virgin minds, lit up the rim of awak-

ening intelligence, and so given rise to civilizing and cultural experiences. But since education has become compulsory and schools have been erected at every other street corner; since teachers have become more numerous than children attending school had been say a hundred years ago; since the multiplicity of books ceased to be a blessing, and photography — terrestrial, celestial and submarine — with its motion, sound, speech and colour reproducing auxiliaries has brought the universe within the eye's and ear's range of the humblest village; since the storehouse of human achievements has been enriched by all these, travel as an educational medium has lost much, if not all, of its value and importance. Moreover, a small modicum of travel, like a little learning, has its dangers, as witness Dr Duhamel's recently published book, *Scènes de la Vie Future*, and, on the other hand, much travelling, like much learning — the taunt flaunted in the face of Saint Paul — may "make thee mad". Incidentally Paul had been a great wayfarer in his day.

A POINT IN PSYCHOLOGY

Our children know already in their tenderest school age that natives of Japan and China eat with chopsticks instead of knives and forks. Is one to suppose that a child's educational experience would be increased one iota if we brought him face to face with a Japanese or Chinaman in the flesh and on his own soil, in order to watch him manipulating the chopsticks in the process of refreshing himself? Will such a confrontation be insisted upon as essential to the child's or adult's instruction on the grounds that by that means alone will his senses have gained that experience without which his education must be considered defective? Without stirring beyond the confines of any bailiwick, the young and their elders now have at hand the means of informing themselves of the world's topography, of man's manner of living, of his governing or misgoverning himself in any country one would name, of recognizing its fauna and flora more or less readily, of recognizing the White House in Washington, Westminster Abbey in London, the Eiffel Tower in Paris, Kaiser Wilhelm, Lloyd George, Marshall Joffre.

That our response or — the more fashionable — reaction to an object seen *in natura*, the impression it leaves on the beholder, the visual experience or stimulus that might collaterally arise from it, might be in the end less valuable educationally and also otherwise less intense than when it has been seen in pictorial representation only, has been brought home to us recently with the vividness of a "clinical case": We were prevented from witnessing the funeral of Marshall Joffre which had taken place the other day, and so took recourse to what appeared to be the next best thing, seeing it projected on the screen. Our good friend. E. E. Cummings, the

poet, had wrenched himself away from putting the finishing touches to a new collection of poems concerning which his New York publishers Covici-Friede had been inconsiderately reminding him, to mingle with the crowds that had lined the streets through which the cortège had been passing in awe and pomp and sorrow. He wished, however, to see what the kinema operators had done with the spectacle, and so we had the pleasure of his company at the Paramount Theatre one evening. Together we watched the funeral pageant transferred to the screen in " movietone ", listened to the tolling of church bells, military music, tramping of feet, speeches, and all. When the last glitter had died away upon the screen, E. E. Cummings insisted that the funeral as captured by the camera and projected as a sound film was much more impressive than the actual event whose unfolding he had watched two or three days earlier from several points of vantage in the grey and muffled solemnity of the streets of Paris. Would not Dr. John B. Watson and Prof. McDougall out of their stores of behavioristic and psychologial science spare us a crumb of enlightenment on this reaction of Mr. Cummings which puzzled us not a little?

AN IRISH LADY TRAVELLING

Innumerable are the reasons the individual traveler may have for going a journey. They are business reasons, professional, personal, plain curiosity, downright boredom, and what not. One of the most bizarre motives for undertaking a long and costly voyage that has ever come to our notice was that given us by an elderly Irish lady, whom we had met on board an Australian liner we would hate to reveal how many years ago.

The lady, accompanied by her daughter, was bound for New Zealand. It seems that while still a young girl she had been taken by her parents to that distant country and visited on that occasion one of its geological wonders, known as the Pink and White Terasses, the beauty of which she had never forgotten. Many years later a seismic upheaval had swept away the Terrasses and the present voyage was undertaken in obeyance to an irresistible impulse to view the topographical aspect of the region after the destruction of the Terrasses. The hardship of the journey had been just more than the valiant little body could bear, and we were informed of her death within a short time after her return to Ireland.

Much as we reverenced the memory of the charming lady, implicit as was our trust in her veracity, we yet could not help wondering whether the motive she had given for the journey had been the true and only one. For years afterwards, whenever it happened that we found ourselves harking back to those lotus-eating days and allowed our thoughts to drift lazily as the ship that had borne us

towards our antipodal destination, the notion would timidly suggest itself that the Pink and White Terrasses had been in reality only the symbol of an old romance, of the pink and white of her breaking womanhood, the symbol that like an eternal pendulum had been ceaselessly swinging before the eyes of her sentimental nature, to and fro, to and fro, ticking, cajoling, inveigling, until life-worn and too weak to resist, she gathered up the burden of her neversleeping memories and set out upon the watery pilgrimage to the playground of her " greener years, " — at the precise period, indeed, when we, not unlike Peregrine Pickles, had been packed off and enjoined to forget ours.

EUGENE FIELD AND LAURENCE STERNE

Of pleasures derivable from going travelling an equally whimsical one— rather surprising for the revealed, if good humoured, cynicism in so sweet-natured and lovable a man as Eugene Field — is mentioned in Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, to the effect that it " arises from the thought that those you leave behind are likely to be wretchedly miserable in your absence. "

Sterne also, it will be remembered, in his Sentimental Journey, had set himself the task of discovering " the final causes of travelling ", trifling as travel must have been in his day in comparison with the annually recurrent hegiras of our own time. And it is this latter that we are endeavouring fragmentally to account for.

Sterne had arrived at a classification and various divisions and sub-divisions both of the causes of travelling and travellers. Amongst the causes he named : Infirmity of Body, Imbecility of Mind and Inevitable Necessity. This classification probably still holds good today, except that contemporary proneness to greater precision might demand a sub-division of the factor of imbecility into several compartments, one of which would certainly have to be tagged snobbery. As an illustration of how little human motives are subject to change through the ages may be cited Sterne's distinguishing amongst travellers those who " crossed the seas and sojourn in a land of strangers with a view to saving money for various reasons and upon various pretences. " True to the letter as this classification is even of current conditions, and typical as it is of great numbers of our contemporaries, it concerns a specimen of traveller that is not germane to our theme, because it is not representative of peregrination proper, and has for its purpose more or less permanent habitation in foreign parts, rather than the merely temporary flitting and shifting conveyance and re-conveyance of great masses of travellers. Nor, however true this may have been in Sterne's day, would observation now bear out his statement and its implications, that " an Englishman does not travel

to see Englishmen." Not only Englishmen, but Americans as well are now rarely found travelling individually, and it is, on the contrary, the travelling in groups that must be considered a distinguishing feature of modern travel. Furthermore, not only is there little contact taking place between travellers and natives of the countries visited, but direct evasion of all commingling except on the grounds of inescapable necessity is obvious on every side, and as if to make the segregation the more complete, the travel, feeding and lodging industries take into competitively studied account their visitor's national habits and native food requirements, outdoing themselves in catering to them by every means at their disposal.

Whereas in Sterne's day a traveler would set out on his journey "because they order this matter better in France", the twentieth-century Ulysses will go on his Odyssey only when he can be reasonably well assured that every care would be taken to reduce nostalgic feeling to the last minimum, and that in the country or countries he may visit he will find the nearest possible replica of his native dunghill with all regulation accessories ancillary thereto, including of course George Washington coffee, griddle cakes with maple syrup, sweet cream, Lipton's or Lyon's tea with scones, a score or so of various brands of breakfast foods, and that never more than about once a week, although he would much rather not have it at all, would he have to feed on veal, and positively never on tripe or giblets, the horrible, most horrible of all foods.

A NEW SOURCE OF REVENUE

This voluntary extradition, without process of law, by one country to another of thousands of its nationals, to proceed on an errand in no way national; the export of national wealth for which it receives but an infinitesimal, if any, material national return is a phenomenon that is all the more amazing when one considers that no Chancellor of the Exchequer, no Secretary of the Treasury or Minister of Finance has so far thought of turning it to profitable account, quite apart from the existing passport fees. Four Shillings or a Dollar or a corresponding equivalent in Francs or Marks per head for every amateur of skiing in Switzerland or of cycling and bathing in Bermuda, of motoring through Germany, Italy or elsewhere, or for leaving one's country on any nationally non-essential errand, would at the end of a year produce quite a respectable nest-egg, indeed. It would at least contribute appreciably towards the upkeep of the army of customs' officials who harass the repatriating legions, being reciprocally harassed by them, and who do not seem to collect sufficient duties to earn their salt.

This however is en passant, and in no way furnishes an answer to our initial query : Why people travel ?

We have seen that it could not be accounted for on educational grounds, nor on the other grounds mentioned which, however, chiefly concerned travelling individuals. We have not as yet identified or isolated the particular need which the fabulously developed tourist business is supposed to satisfy. Some people say they travel for a "change." But travelling for a change, they in fact seek sameness, as we have shown, differing in this respect entirely from their forefathers' conception of change. Remains, perhaps, as a possible explanation, only travelling for pleasure or rest. What, conceived on the basis of any mass-psychology theory, can that pleasure be which whole armies of people are seeking in a foreign land that they could not find within the frontiers of their own country? What can that pleasure be, we ask and are unable to find an answer. — Rest? Rest in camped cabin bunks or stuffy railway carriages? in vibrating, ill-smelling, smoke-belching boats? in hotels of varying degrees of discomfort, even in the most comfortable ones? rest away from your own bed, easy chair, in library or by fireplace or under a favorite tree in your garden? living in trunks and taxis? Rest?!

And what a confession of failure in the entire economy of modern civilization, if we cannot find these life's essentials, rest, pleasure, in the place where we have built our civilization to a pattern that we boastingly display to those nations who have constructed painfully a civilization of their own by which they live and labour!

Far be it from us to deprecate this recent phenomenon of mass-travel. Far be it from us to make even the faintest kind of a suggestion to any one as to what he should or should not do in the exercise of conferred, achieved or wrested liberty. By all means let every one live, love, eat, read, write, travel to his heart's content. Let the whole world come to France, go to England, to America, to China, to Palestine. Let it spend untold wealth doing it. Only we would much like to know what urgings it will be obeying, doing it. We would like to know the nature of the impulse that sets this great army of tourist travellers, ourselves included, upon their periodical marches abroad.

THE FINAL GUESS

We are not at all sure that we are right, and we shall probably be put in our place by one psychologist or another, if we are wrong, but we have a notion of our own on the subject: We take our courage in both hands and advance the opinion that the great touring industry, the activity of which has grown to such gigantic dimensions, which fills the daily and periodical press, which issues myriads of alluring pamphlets and folders from its gay-windowed offices and agencies, is alone responsible for it. It is an entirely honorable industry, of course, and fully as legitimate as that of the many railways,

shipping and hotel enterprises that thrive on it. Of this there can be no question. By concerted and unceasing efforts a new mass psychology has been fostered, fomented and developed. In a word advertising has turned the trick. Advertising conducted with marvelously expert, admirable and, if you like, entirely praiseworthy ingenuity, has "sold" mass travel to the world, whose sophistication is not one pace ahead of its suggestibility. That and nothing else!

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

QUERIED OBSERVATIONS

(English version by E. W. Titus)

RATIONALISM — ?

Much and little, big and small, near and far, are relative concepts at best. He would be an altogether sentimental observer of nature who would allow himself to fall into a kind of religious ecstacy over uncommonly high or uncommonly low numbers. For it is by no means more remarkable that light from certain constellations must travel thousands of years to reach us; that a half-gramme of uranium disintegrates entirely only after five thousand million years; that a cubic centimeter of sea water contains a million radiolaries and the ichthyosaurus trod the earth two hundred million years ago, — no more remarkable, indeed, than that the body of the human adult measures five or six feet in height; that sunlight arrives to us from its source within eight minutes; that certain chemical substances dissolve within a few seconds; that the origin of the human species can be traced back only thirty to fifty thousand years, etc., etc. The existence of anything at all, of spirit as of matter, of light, aether, birth, flower, decay — *that* is the miracle, and the astonishment, awe and even faith that those eternal riddles arouse can well be understood. Adoration of quantities or of numbers, be they huge or small to the vanishing point, whatever they connote in time or space measurement, is not piety, but idolatry.

MYSTICISM — ?

The course of an infectious disease of the human organism may well be taken to resemble the history of a family of bacilli, its rise, flowering period and death; a history on all fours with the history of the human race, dimensionally different, to be sure, but ideologically identical.

A family of bacilli has its being in the blood, lymph and tissues of the human individual; this — to our conception — afflicted individual is their happy hunting ground, their world. And if those atomic entities unintentionally and unconsciously engage in the destruction of, and indeed destroy, that world of theirs, it is because such is the condition, necessity and the very reason of their being. (Who knows but the individual members of that family may the same as human entities possess varying degrees of skill and strength of will, and there may be among them babbit-bacilli as well as bacilli of genius.) Is it not conceivable therefore that humanity itself may, within some higher organism which constitutes the condition, necessity and reason of its being, likewise denote a disease; that it, also, seeks to destroy that organism and fatally must destroy it in the pursuit of its own higher development — even as that family of bacilli seeks the destruction of the "diseased" human individual?

And may it not be asked further whether it is not the implicit task of every living community, bacillary or human, step by step to destroy the world paramount to it, be that a human individual or the universe?

Were there any modicum of truth in that supposition, our imaginative powers would only be embarrassed by it, because our mind is capable of comprehending only the downgrade of the slope, the descending depth, never the ascending, the plateau at the height; we are relatively aware of the lower levels only, the higher reaches we only conjecture. And so one may perhaps be permitted to

conceive the history of mankind as an eternal struggle against the divinity that however much it may resist is yet gradually but inevitably destroyed by man. Pursuing the thought still further, it may be assumed that that superordinate element which appears to us as divine, or that we sense as such, is surpassed by still another that dominates it in turn, and so on, world without end.

SCEPTICISM —?

The idea of transmigration of souls becomes utterly senseless unless it presupposes the continuity of self-consciousness. To have existed as *another* entity means not to have existed at all.

In proof of the soul's transmigration we are told by men and women, and rather more frequently by women, that they are distinctly conscious of their previous existence on earth, presumably at some period of antiquity, the Renaissance, or some such other wonderful epoch of the past, in some other incarnation, and invariably of course as remarkable personalities, such as princes, artists, male or female adventurers, as daemonic or satanic natures. Not one of them has ever had the least recollection of having embodied a beggar, cleaner of sewers, slave, bootlegger, washerwoman, barmaid, white-trash, man-ape or of having lived in any period he had previously not read of in books or known by report.

It would be interesting to know how those people picture to themselves the technical (one craves pardon for the use of a rather concrete expression in such metaphysical connection) process of their soul's transmigration. — Does the soul of the departed pass at the very moment of death into the new body — and if so, into the body of another during the act of his birth or of his begetting? Or are we to assume something in the nature of a quarantine, a probationary period in the loins of eternity, where departed souls have their sojourn or exist at least in idea for so long as there may not be found for them a suitable

or — as, unfortunately, is the case more frequently — a not altogether suitable corporal lodgment? But do all souls migrate? Or are there such as having had their fill of their first or thousandth terrestrial existence carry on in the capacity of pure souls with no other occupation than, by table rapping, to give foolish, probably ironically intended replies to foolish questions which curious spiritualists may wish to ask? Does the migration and, ultimately, also re-incarnation depend on their own sweet will? Or must they obey some command from on high? — As Faith herself, so her monstrous bastard off-spring Superstition, has her origin not so much in man's metaphysical needs (not nearly as current as the kindly flatterers of humanity would have it) as in general human vanities and sense of fear. And there is no folly at which man would stop if it could render him — were it for a short moment only — more interesting than, during the span of his poor and presumably only life, it is usually granted to him to be.

CHEATERS AT GAMES — ?

Suppose you sit down with some one to a game of cards. For some time the play proceeds in an orderly manner, quite according to Hoyle and free from dispute. What if suddenly, as you are about to take your opponent's king with your ace, he were to claim that not the ace but the king is the higher card? Or if he denied that the card you played was an ace, intimating that it was a queen, a seven or even the joker? Or if, instead, he were to deplore as a cardinal error, typical of the game's rules that cry for revision, to have singled out precisely the ace as the card of highest value? Or if he were to go as far as to say it is quite possible for a card to be transformed into another because with God nothing is impossible? — Or what if, were you to express doubt, he taxed you with want of humility and answered clinchingly that the king

is quite obviously a higher card than your ace, since the king's is a state of Grace, which your ace's state is not? — Or if, grown tired of your resistance, he should simply throw his hand down saying: anyway this is only a game of cards and not to be taken seriously, and on those grounds refuse to pay over your winnings?

Stupid suppositions, you will say. Not at all. Always as an honest man will you be exposed to adventures of that kind when you choose to engage in philosophical or political discussions with dishonest opponents. At games of the intellect dishonest antagonists are more common even than at the gaming table; and their attitude is more insolent in proportion as they meet with more such individuals as from stupidity or snobbery or expectations of gain align themselves with them, and bear witness to their good faith at least, if not to their just title.

PSYCHOPHYSICAL LAW —?

It has always been obvious enough that men must first make room in their hearts when someone comes along and lays claim to their love, friendship, sympathy or simple consideration only. Man's feelings are but rarely comparable to a spring that bubbles inexhaustibly. As a rule the spring will be found to have been confined in a graduated reservoir, whence, under eternally uniform pressure, it flows into a limited number of conduits; and as often as a new channel has been filled, it means that another was tapped or drained dry. The same is true also spiritually. As soon as a new claimant competes for loyalty, recognition or attention, another must forthwith be correspondingly impoverished. And this law functions with such regularity that not only man and his fellows generically, but also the individual's several qualities and activities are continually balanced and played off against one another in a manner as if each unforeseen expenditure in one is, with parsimonious economy, imme-

diately compensated for in another, and any untoward consequence of culpable lavishness provided against.

MYTH VERSUS HISTORY — ?

The significance to mankind of any given personality depends not on its historic, but on its mythical truth, the latter always betokening truth of a higher degree. Only to few historic figures has it been given to ascend into the mythical. There comes a day when many of those mythicized figures cease altogether to be historic; may, indeed, never have been historic. Yearning has brought those figures forth into the light, faith perpetuates them, and doubt is chiefly responsible for their deification.

MANIA AS SELF-ASSERTION — ?

We are all but too prone to tax others with megalomania, with persecutionmania — forgetting at the same time that the sense of being the hub of the world is almost a normal manner of self-assertion and that the individual's inner balance is upset the moment he begins to feel that he is no longer the centre of things, but their periphery; and it is for this reason that men, on the kindliest view, generally seek to dissemble their supposed physiological megalomania. — Thus not only animosity or aversion, but even indifference is conceived as persecution, and in a measure rightly, since lack of interest and encouragement differ from actual injury in degree only, and in the economy of human relations it would hardly be possible ethically to appraise them otherwise.

THE AESTHETE AS A ROGUE — ?

All form of aesthetic attitude towards the world is closely allied with self-interest, — if it be not, in fact, one of the sources of its origin. Applied to reality, a purely

aesthetic point of view may well suggest the blackguard. When, on the one hand, we take the most scrupulous care to avoid hurting a multicoloured butterfly, and, on the other, tread underfoot the worm that repels us — what have we done but punished with death the worm solely because it failed to satisfy our aesthetic sense, whereas the lepidoptera was a delight to our eye?

FEAR OF GHOSTS —?

How utterly lonesome you have been in your lifetime you never will know — unless, as one of the departed, you were to be able to see into the soul of another who loved you above all else. Then, and then only, would you discover how even in that truest of souls the thought of your possible return would, from the craving for such an unprecedented miracle, gradually and persistently, from year to year, from day to day, change into the hideous horror of fear...

RICHARD BEER-HOFMANN

A SCENE FROM COUNT CHAROLAIS, A TRAGEDY*

Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn

(Room in an inn. Enter Charolais and Romont, ushered in the door by the innkeeper, bowing respectfully. Then

THE INNKEEPER
opens another door and calls out

You may wait here!

Enter the three creditors followed by the Innkeeper's father and the maid who goes from one to the other asking each after his desire. The Decorator has taken a seat; the miller and Red Ike are standing.

THE MAID

Will you have food or drink?

THE MILLER
who is short, old, poorly dressed, with a voice that seems to whine for compassion:

I have, alas,

No appetite.

THE DECORATOR
who is tall, white-haired, carefully dressed and speaks with dignity and a consciousness of his worth:

Today's a fast day. Wine!

(*) Count Charolais is the son of a valiant general who, waging a successful war for his country, had, on his personal account, contracted debts in order to have sufficient treasure for the conduct of the struggle. Having failed to meet his obligations, his creditors had lodged him in prison where he died. The rights of the creditors over their debtor's body were absolute and continued even after death, unless released. The son endeavours to arrive at an agreement with his father's creditors, whereby they would turn over to him the body for suitable burial. The fragment appearing here in translation depicts the meeting between son and creditors.

RED IKE
is richly clad. His hair and beard are red turning on grey. He scarcely turns to face those with whom he speaks. Only when he is excited do his eyes seem to come to life. At such moments, too, his dry indifferent tone grows hard and angry:

More costs on this bad bargain. Two plain eggs!
(Exit the maid.)

THE MILLER
as though seeking for help:

What do you think?

THE DECORATOR
throwing his eyes piously to heaven:

I dwell in hope.

THE MILLER

Innkeeper?

THE INNKEEPER
shrugs his shoulders.

THE MILLER

Ike! Don't you think that at the very least
We'll get a part of what is ours?

IKE

You'll get
Everything, except money.

THE MILLER

Then I'll surely
Starve.

IKE
drily:

Yes. I know these millers. They are wont
To starve to death. Oh yes.

THE DECORATOR

All jest aside,
How stands it?

IKE

Near success as I to jesting.

THE INNKEEPER
ingratiatingly:
Well, Ike, 'tis you who know the high nobility
Better than we.

IKE
Yes. For my sins no doubt.
I'd give that knowledge gladly.

THE DECORATOR
Tell us then!

IKE
in a dry swift merely informative manner:
A gentleman behind the scenes informed me
But yesterday that council had concluded
That nothing in this matter could be done.
The war, they said, had cost enough already.

THE INNKEEPER'S FATHER
But their own general —

IKE
shrugging his shoulders:
Is dead, you see.
And of what use is a dead general?

THE INKEEPER
to the decorator:
It is not kind in you to seize the body
Of him, good neighbor, without whom we never
Would have had peace. The gold he borrowed
He used for food, drink, raiment for his men
Who justly called him "father of the army."
Then think of the ill blood aroused against you.
A famous man was he. Some day they'll build
A monument to his high deeds of which
There will be song and story.

IKE
Well, if he
Is famous, it is he, not we. You may be sure.

Pointing to the miller.

Will they erect a monument for him?
Pointing to the decorator.
Will they call him the "father of the army?"
And when the riders gallop through the town
Will the bands play a march named after me?
It's easy to be good on others' money.
He will stay famous—and we lose the cash.

(The maid enters with a platter on which are a jug of wine, a glass and a plate with two eggs. She deposits the platter on the table and goes out.)

THE DECORATOR

You think we will get nothing?

IKE

That exactly.

THE DECORATOR

Sell me your claim against him.

IKE
looks at him searchingly:

You would buy
My claim against him. It is not for sale.

THE INNKEEPER

Did you not call it worthless?

IKE

If *he* wants it
It has its value. No man ever yet
Struck a good bargain with him. *(To himself.)* What's
[his plan?

THE DECORATOR
to the miller:
What do you say?

THE MILLER

If Ike sells you his claim
I'll sell you mine. Otherwise not.

IKE
thoughtfully to the decorator :

You have
A daughter who, in some convent near, is being
Nurtured into a lady ?

THE MILLER

Yes, he has
A daughter in the convent.

THE DECORATOR
embarrassed :

Yes, surely, yet—

IKE
very rapidly :

Let be the " yet " and " surely. " It is clear.
You want to buy the claims for very little
And then go to the count and say to him :
" Marry my daughter and I'll pay your debts
And give you cash to boot. "

THE DECORATOR
deprecatingly :

What makes you think—

IKE

It takes no wizard to think that. Is't true ?

THE DECORATOR
hesitating :

It might, just possibly, be done. However—

IKE

Let me negotiate the matter—

THE DECORATOR

But—

IKE

When all is ready you yourself can speak.

THE DECORATOR

And how, in that case, stands your claim ?

IKE

If all
Goes well you pay me merely what I gave
In actual, ready cash.

THE DECORATOR

All that you want?

IKE

I lose the interest, as you know.

THE DECORATOR

Too much
In haste you are.

IKE

Well, if you do not get
The count's consent today, 'twill be too late.

THE DECORATOR

And you?

THE MILLER

Whatever Ike does I shall do.

IKE

contemptuously.

He can follow. Ideas he has none.

THE DECORATOR

flatteringly:

Be you our spokesman. You speak better far
Than he or I.

THE MILLER

Yes, do you speak for us.

IKE

giving a short, hard laugh:

You do not fool me. I am to speak for you
That you may still be gentlemen. I am
To be the hard and wicked usurer.
'Tis well... They think it of us anyhow.

Romont and Charolais enter. Charolais is garbed in black.

ROMONT
malevolently:
Where are the Jews?

THE INNKEEPER
Introducing:
This one you see is Ike,
And those two are—

ROMONT
with a gesture of withdrawal and disgust:
I see.—
To the Decorator and the Miller:
Have you no shame?
In league with *him*?

CHAROLAIS
Romont! Let be! I am told
That you would speak with me.

THE DECORATOR
But we have commissioned him *(pointing to Ike)*—to speak
[for all.

ROMONT
The Jew?

CHAROLAIS
with a restraining glance at Romont:
Romont! Well? I am listening. Speak.

IKE
very rapidly, as though repeating something by rote:
The noble lord is very well aware
That there is a high session at nine today
At which the court's decision of yesterday
Will be confirmed—

CHAROLAIS
That is not certain yet!

IKE

Trust me. 'Twill be confirmed. They did not pass
That judgment for the sake of us. Oh no!
They were commanded by the law itself
Which is the same that it was yesterday.
Therefore we thought : perhaps 'tis possible
To reach a settlement before the trial
And save both my Lord Count and ourselves too
A matter of such scandal. So I ask you :
Is there perhaps some ancient silver left,
Gold chains or pearls, jewels of any sort ?

CHAROLAIS

No jewels.

IKE

Then a house or a chateau
With forests somewhere. Or, at least, a farm.

CHAROLAIS

Nor house nor land.

IKE

At least there must be hope
Of an inheritance ?

CHAROLAIS
softly :

No hope.

IKE

Then surely
You must have kinsmen somewhere who will now
Come to your rescue swift.

CHAROLAIS
breathing deeply :

I am the last!

IKE

Then there is nothing to be done. We'll go.
(With the other two creditors he turns to the door.)

THE DECORATOR
whispers to Ike:

But you forget—

IKE
calming him:

Fear not. He'll call us back.

CHAROLAIS

Stay!

IKE
in a whisper:

Well, what did I say?— We stay, my Lord!

CHAROLAIS

I will make out new notes to you, all of them;
They'll bear my name. I'll give up my commission,
Toil for the Dutch East India Company—

IKE

Far are the Indies, and your name, my Lord,
As surety has value only if
Another signatory known to us
Is added.

THE MILLER

True!

CHAROLAIS
bitterly:

Where do I find that other?

IKE
softly and confidentially:

I have already found him. *(Aloud.)* Did I not hear
The bell, innkeeper? *(Softly to the latter.)* Pray go and [take
Your father with you. If there are no listeners
He, too, can speak more freely.
To the two other creditors:

You stay there!

He points to the door, himself remaining quite near to Charolais and speaking confidentially and softly:

We need not the innkeeper's curious ears!
Count, there is just one way you may be saved;
'Tis a rich marriage. I have one for you.
That fat man—don't look his way—has a daughter
Who is being gently nurtured in a convent.
Take a look at her. He himself dares not speak
And prayed me to do so. If on this day
You promise marriage to her—he'll pay all.
Well—and the dowry—he has no other child.
The one thing is : she is not of noble blood.
Also : he has an ill repute. How can that harm you ?
It is the daughter and not him you marry!
Two hours from now all things can be adjusted;
You have a rich wife, have no cares at all,
There is no trial; you can pay your father
The honors of a noble burial.—
You do not answer ?

CHAROLAIS

I would show my father
But little honor, did I do this thing
No—no!
(He turns away and walks to the window.)

ROMONT
controlling himself with difficulty :

And is that all you answer, all,
To this disgraceful and unheard-of—

IKE
vexed and ironically :

Well,
I have been told it has been done ere now.

ROMONT
striding up to the other two creditors :

I expect nothing else from such as he!
But you—but you! How can you let him—
(The Decorator and the Miller crowd fearfully to the door.)

THE DECORATOR

We
Commissioned him to speak for us. It is,
Though we regret it, too late to take back
Our given word—

ROMONT
(pushes them out through the door.)

Then out with you all! Out!
He slams the door behind them.

ROMONT
to Ike :

You are still here? Out with you!

IKE
stands near the table. His tone is now rapid, defiant and bitter.

This is an inn;
Its keeper bids men go. You are a guest
As I am. There stands what I ordered still!
He takes up an egg and begins to peel it with fingers trembling from [excitement.

ROMONT
stands close to him with clenched fists. He restrains his impulse to [strike him with difficulty.

Jew, do you think you can be insolent
Because you are a rich Jew. Thus I spit
Upon your money—

IKE
laughs :

When time comes to pay it
You all spit on it. Pray, why do you not spit
When you desire to take it of us?

ROMONT
his shoulder hard by Ike's :

I tell you
To eat and go! And mark this well : we barter
Neither our name nor honor only that you,
Judas, may have your money back again.

IKE

And so you blame me that I want my money?
Yet you can never give *my* money back!
For money of ours—it is not like to yours.
To yours there clings—at times—a little sweat,
While ours drips with our very heart's blood, drips
With poison, gall, jeers, misery, exile, scorn—

ROMONT

Why do you wave your hands before my face?
Be still, I tell you!

IKE

I shall not be still!
Know you what I endured for every penny
He had of me—

ROMONT

brings his fist heavily down on Ike's arm:

Down with that hand, I say!

IKE

Woe! Woe!

He staggers back against the wall and his arm drops limply at his side.

CHAROLAIS

Romont! Softly. He is within his rights!
Had I the money, he would be paid at once.
Have I the right to blame him now because
He comes to grief through us?

ROMONT

Ugh!

CHAROLAIS

Go, my friend;
Leave me alone with him.

ROMONT

What will you do?

CHAROLAIS

Beg him.

ROMONT.

And not be shamed?

CHAROLAIS

I am not ashamed
Even to beseech him for my father's body.

ROMONT

(looks at him, throws his head back angrily and goes out.)

CHAROLAIS

softly to Ike who stands leaning against the wall, breathing deeply and gently stroking his aching arm:

The others have agreed to follow you;
All, then, depends on you, and though you are
A Jew, you are as much a man as we—

IKE

A man? Like you? I never heard that yet!
All my life long you have never let me feel
That I am human. Must I be today
Because it suits your need? For the five minutes
Of your convenience? Today I refuse!
I am a Jew! What would you of the Jew?
For you want something with this courtesy!

CHAROLAIS

Give me my father's body—give! My life
Hangs by it! I beseech you! Oh, believe me,
Begging's not easy for me!

IKE

To command
Is a count's right; to beg—that is my duty.
Well, then my Lord, give me my money—give!
My life hangs on it. Oh, not as you say
"My life," meaning you have an ache within.
If I am penniless, who will protect me
Against lords, courts and counts? With easy con-
[science

They'd have me slain. You see, in my case truly
My life depends upon it—yes, my life.

CHAROLAIS

Jeer not! This land to which he gave its peace,
For which magnanimously he made these debts,
Should give him obsequies so noble as
This city has not seen. Instead must I,
Knowing this thing, endure to see his body
Rot in a prison. Think of us! Or, no,
Think not of us. Think rather this were you
That pleads—and that the body were *your* father's.

IKE

That's what I have been thinking all this time!—
He did not rot in prison; that is true.
The city in which he was born gave him
The most expensive of all funerals!
Even before daybreak they marched forth in crowds,
Soldiers, societies, fraternities,
The entire clergy. It was most honorable
For a mere Jew. His majesty the King
Himself was present on the windy square
With all his court—and all that for a Jew!
And all the bells of all the churches pealed
As the processions with their flags passed by
My father; and there was great speech making
In Latin and in Spanish, and all day,
They bore the heat of July in that square
Just for my father's sake. When dark came on
And night *(with mock pride)* the King with his own hand at last
Did light the faggots round about the stake
By which my father stood. And because that,
Even that, was honoring him not enough,
They did begin to intone their songs, and also,
Because he was a Jew—and to be honored,
They sang to him *our* everlasting psalms,

And in his honor praised the Lord, *our* God!
With a distorted smile.
I do not know how much of this he knew.
For by this time he had begun to burn,
First from below and had begun to cry,
And kept on crying loud, terribly loud,
My father—oh, so loud,—and my ears heard it:
Schma Jisroel!
He wipes the sweat from his forehead.
Do you still wish, my Lord,
That I think of my father, so that I
May pity you because your father's body
Rots in a dungeon?

CHAROLAIS

Did I do that to you?
Why do you pour your concentrated hate
Out upon me? Did I cause all these things?
Or have I done you ill?

IKE

Not yet, not yet.
There has been yet no opportunity.
We saw each other first upon this day,
And yet *(pointing to his arm)* I have already this much profit
Which is enough for the first time!

CHAROLAIS

Why must I
Expiate every wrong and hurt? Great God,
Is't not enough that there my father lies—
Why waste more words? For what he was to me
You will not understand—you never can!

IKE

I *can* not? It is not so difficult.
And if it were? Do you think I am dull?
That I do understand I'll prove to you!
Close to Charolais and very gently and confidingly.

You mean that you had nothing in the world
Except your father. You had no mother and
No brother. No one. And you do not look
Like one bent on wild ways with wine or wenches.
And since you're poor to boot and so have little
That brings delight, and also old enough
To understand it stands you tenfold deep
All that a father means! Eh? Two days gone
There was one human being in this world
Who had no hope or care, but you alone.
You could have done to him whatever you would!
Had you turned highwayman or murderer
It would not have subtracted from his love.
He would have begged, and gladly, for your sake.
He had one wish, one very modest one,
That you might live to close his eyes in death
And not he yours. Nightly he had one prayer
That God might let him die ten thousand deaths
Rather than have aught ill befall his child.
So rich were you; so poor are you today.
And though you wander all the round of earth—
And though you live to be a hundred—never
Is that love found again! Gone for all time!
Hope not! A friend? We know them! And a
[woman—
Is just a woman. Children—*(he laughs bitterly)* Chil-
[dren—ah!
Thus are our fathers; thus our mothers feel—
Doubtless it is the same among your people.
Well, have I understood you, my Lord Count?

CHAROLAIS

If you can feel all that, where is your feeling
For my deep woe?

IKE

I? Feeling? And for you?
That my heart's feeling meet the very fate

Encountered by my money? I give you
My feeling—full weight, lovely, clean and clear—
Even as I gave my money? You will take it,
Even as you did my gold. And when I come
In order to require it back again,
Then you will say, even as you did say
About my money: "Jew, I spit on it!"

CHAROLAIS

Whatever I say you take the words I utter,
Even as I utter them and turn and whet them
Till they become your tools to torture me.
Look not upon me with that evil glance—
Go, go! You frighten me! You are an evil,
An evil man!

IKE

about to go, turns at the door:

"An evil man!" And why
Should I be kind to you? Give me one reason—
A single one! Or do you think I should
Be kind because all human beings should
Be kind unto each other? First, my Lord
Tear out this heart contracted and convulsed
By the infliction of a thousand wrongs;
Put out these eyes and give me other eyes
That are not wounded by too much of weeping;
Smooth out my back that's bent to crookedness
With bowing down in enforced humbleness;
And give me other feet unwearied
By the eternal wandering of exile;
Crash through my skull, tear out the brain beneath
So that I may forget, and last of all,
Cut me these veins and let my blood run out
That nothing's left that was my father's or
My father's father or his own or his—
No drop of all that blood, of all that woe—

And when you have done all that, my Lord Count,
And I am still among the living—then
I'll speak with you right humanly—I mean
As a good man should speak unto his brother!
—Till then let me be what to you I am
And should be though I were I know not what :
A Jew, a Jew, a common vulgar Jew!
(Exit.)

STEFAN ZWEIG

CHARACTER SKETCH OF SIGMUND FREUD

(From a longer essay)

(Translated from the German by W. R. Trask)

The austere door of an apartment house in Vienna shuts in nearly half a century of Sigmund Freud's private life. One is almost tempted to believe he has had none at all : from youth to age, out of obscurity into gigantic fame, his way has lain undeviating, even, and outwardly eventless. An almost complete abstention from public appearance, a routine of life regular almost to philistinism, with no sudden change or deviation (the sharp curves all lie upon the inner intellectual plane). Seventy years in the same city, more than forty years in the same house, consulting-hours in the same room, reading in the same arm-chair, literary work at the same desk, pater-familias with six children, personally undemanding, without any passions other than those of his profession and vocation. None of his time, at once charily and prodigally expended, has ever been wasted on vain outward show, on offices and dignities; there has never been any demagogic substitution of the creative man for the created work. Every week of the thousands and thousands of weeks of his seventy-five years follows the same rounds of prescribed activity : in academic term-time a lecture in the University once a week; once a week, also, without fail, on Wednesday evening, an intellectual symposium after the Socratic method in the students' circle ; once a week, on Saturday afternoon, a card-party: — outside of that, every minute from morning till evening, or, rather, till late into the night, used to the last second for the uninterrupted

stream of analyses, treatments, study, reading and learned pursuits.

In Freud's life, work does not appear as an extraordinary, but as a natural, a permanent and unceasing function of his being. This continuity of wakefulness and vigilance is the most astonishing thing in his spiritual portrait. For forty years, Freud has taken eight, nine, ten, often even eleven analyses a day, which means that, nine, ten, or eleven times a day, he concentrates, for a full hour each time, with an extraordinary, an almost quivering tenseness, on a stranger, listening to every word and weighing it, while, at the same time, his unfailing memory compares the disclosures of this analysis with all those of earlier consultations. He identifies himself thus completely with the strange personality, while, at the same time, he diagnoses the soul from without. And, immediately, at the end of the hour, he must switch with a jerk from this man to another, the new patient, and grapple, using the same power of comprehension and another stratum of memory, in an entirely different case; keeping in himself, without notes or aids to memory, hundreds and hundreds of destinies, and overseeing them in their finest ramifications. But Freud's astounding vitality knows no slackening or weariness. When, late in the evening, the analytic practice, the nine or ten hours' service to man, is over; then, and not till then, his own creative work begins : the reasoned setting forth of conclusions which makes Freud's name important the world over. And all this gigantic ceaseless labour in the form of analyses, study, and shaping of conclusions — this activity which has worked directly upon thousands, and, by extension, upon millions of men, has gone on for half a century without helpers, without assistants, without secretaries : every letter is written with his own hand, every investigation carried out alone, every piece of work brought alone into final form. This meticulous, almost bureaucratically dutiful turning to account of every second of apportioned

days, becomes daemonic through the amount of work he accomplishes.

An instrument of precision so undeviating, one which, for decades, has never failed in its function, is conceivable only in conjunction with a perfect bodily machine. As with Händel, Rubens and Balzac — likewise creators of full flourishing productiveness — so with Freud, spiritual abundance springs from a perfect equilibrium of body, from a fundamentally healthy nature. The great physician was never, until his seventieth year, seriously ill; this clear-sighted investigator of all the abnormalities of the soul, this much maligned sex-specialist, has been, through a lifetime, in all his personal living, uncannily single-grooved and normal. His psychophysical *habitus* constitutes a text-book case of normality; and, from himself, he could learn nothing of all that he describes and explains so masterfully in the realm of the crises, the complexes, the obsessions, the repressions of the human soul, for his own organism is not acquainted with even the common, everyday ills of intellectual labour: headache and fatigue. He is always on the alert, always ready, always collected in will as in science. For decades he has never troubled a medical colleague, nor had to cancel a single engagement. Not till he had reached the age of the patriarchs did his all-abounding health have to meet the assault of an invidious illness. The scar barely cicatrized, at once, and undiminished, the old energy begins again, the ceaseless spiritual activity that is as natural to Freud as breath and speech. To be waking is, for him, to be working; to live is to be on the job. And just as intense and full as is his alertness by day, so complete is relaxation at night for this most normal of men. From one morning to the next, a short but sound sleep renews this magnificently normal, and at the same time supernormal elasticity of spirit. Freud sleeps very soundly when he sleeps, and he is uncommonly awake in his waking hours.

His bodily likeness is not in contradiction with this normal, perfectly proportioned spirit. Here, too, are balance, and, throughout a harmonious physique. His head neither too large nor too small, his body neither too heavy nor too frail : here, too, the exactly happy mean between extremes. For years, caricaturists have despaired at his face, finding no point of departure for their exaggerations. It would be vain to compare his earlier portraits in the hope of piecing together any predominant characteristic. His features at thirty, at forty, at fifty, are as uncommunicative as his outer life. They say only : a handsome man, with regular, almost too regular features.

The dark, serene eye suggests, certainly, a man of thought, but little more : here is simply a typical doctor's face, framed in a well-groomed beard — perfectly unrevealing. But his latest portraits begin suddenly to speak. Only old age, which, for most men, disintegrates individuality in expression, — the patriarchal period, only, sets the modelling chisel to Freud's face; only illness and senescence pencil his unmistakeable physiognomy. As his hair grows grey, as his beard shades his firm chin, his sharp mouth, less heavily, the bony plastic substructure of his face is revealed, disclosing the hard, the unqualifiedly combative toughness of his nature, unyielding to the point of cruelty. And the eyes that once only looked earnestly at, go through one piercingly like a drill; a bitter line of mistrust cuts sharply across the open, unfurrowed brow; the thin lips shut tight on a " No, " on a " That is not true. " For the first time, the vehemence and severity of his will are made plain; plain too, that this is no " good, grey old man, " (1) grown soft and affable in age, but a man to whom no one would dare to lie.

It would be misleading to attempt to smooth away this

(1) English in original

element of Old Testament hardness in Freud's character-profile. For, had this sharp-ground, often combative and merciless determination ever been lacking, the best and most decisive thing in his achievement must have been lacking as well. As Nietzsche philosophized with a hammer, so has Freud with a scalpel: those instruments are useless in soft, yielding hands. Obligingness, courtesy, pity and forbearance would be irreconcilable with the radical thought-forms of his nature. Freud's fighting determination has only a "yes" or a "no" to facts, has no "on the one hand" and "on the other," no "under the circumstances" and "perhaps." Half-discipleship and part-recognition are worse than useless to this fanatic for straightway decision. Like Jahveh, he can more easily forgive an apostate than a doubter. For him, vague probabilities are worthless: only pure, hundred-percent truth has any value. For him, to look at something is to see into it; or, rather, to see through and through it. Anything that is not clear cut, not only in a man's personal relations to other men, but also in that great darkness of thought named illusion, spontaneously challenges his active and almost exasperated desire to distinguish, to define, to order. His glance must, always will, fall upon appearances with the sharpness of unbroken light. But this clear sight and clear thought, this clarification, imply for Freud no effort, no act of will. *Clara facta* are for him a necessity of existence.

If Freud is hard, severe, unyielding towards others, he is not less hard and distrustful towards himself. Practised in tracking down a man's most hidden untruth to the darkest corner of the unconscious, he employs a severely analytic, a vigilant self-supervision upon himself; even more, perhaps, than other's illusions, he mistrusts his own. For this reason, the much used expression "daring thinker" seems to me totally inapplicable to Freud. Freud's ideas have no part of improvisation, hardly any of intuition; and nothing is further from this severely

scientific and critical nature than bold, fanciful hypotheses, built up into thin air. Neither superficial nor easily done with his formularizations, Freud often hesitates for years before he asserts something he has long regarded as more than probably true; he never puts an idea before the world as valid before he has tested its import and its probability with almost mathematical certainty. So long as the smallest possibility of self-deception seems thinkable to him, Freud is always the first to apprise the reader or listener of his doubt; in his writings such warnings as "This must remain a hypothesis," or "I know that I have little that is new to say with regard to this," are encountered times without number. Freud's real assurance begins with being sure of himself. Only when this merciless disillusionist has fought and brought under his own mistrust does he expose his conception, but then it is never to take it back. Once he has accepted and publicly acknowledged an idea, it is to him exactly like flesh and blood, a growing part of his spiritual existence, and no Shylock could ever cut a single fibre of it out of the living body. Certainty is long in coming to Freud; but, once attained, it is unshakeable.

Angry adversaries have often called this firmness of Freud's his dogmatism; even his obduracy is perhaps a necessary and inseparable concomitant of his creative nature; it springs, not from a conscious intellectual focussing, but from the optics peculiar to his eye. What Freud perceives intellectually, he perceives as if no one had ever perceived it before him; what he thinks, he thinks oblivious to what may have already been thought. Wherever he opens the sibylline book of the human soul, a virgin page lies before him — whether it be the gliding world of dreams, or sexual complexes, the sphere of the unconscious, the crisis of culture, — all these realms of thought open up new approaches to him, and before his spirit comprehends them, his eye has already done it intuitively. An opinion can be demonstrated to be

founded in error. But vision stands beyond any possibility of influence, creation beyond logic. As this magic of the intuitive vision of an investigator is not to be learned, so it is not to be taught; and the perseverance of genius in the vision first and once for all envisioned, is not obstinacy, but a deep necessity. The world's assent or dissent has no power over a perception so original.

For this reason, Freud never tries to persuade, to coax, to proselytize. His unqualified honesty refuses to attempt to serve up his knowledge in pleasing poetic form, or, by conciliatory expressions, to make certain hard, bitter mouthfuls more palatable to sensitive natures. He only puts his perceptions before the world, trying to make them, not pleasing, but comprehensible : even in his style, one feels the naked veracity of his being. Compared with Nietzsche's intoxicating prose, which brings the soul to white heat by all the stimulants of art, making it malleable to the hard hammer of its will, Freud's seems insipid, cold, and colourless. Freud's prose is neither exciting nor importunate; it renounces all poetically painted-in background, all attempt at rhythmical effect through music (towards that, as he himself confesses, he has no inner inclination — evidently of Plato's opinion, that all that simply obscures pure thought). His speech is clear as day, it does not elucidate, it merely elicits. Without ostentation, perfectly to the point, a Roman, a Latin prose, it never talks around its subject, but expresses it, the meat of it, directly. It is neither ornate nor repetitious; but a comparison, when one is set up, hits the mark like bullets through their accuracy and forcefulness. In his philosophical demonstrations, Freud never omits the plastic element. The unintelligible in speech is as unbearable to Freud as vagueness in thought, as lack of clarity in human relations. A born analyst, interpreter of obscurities, his expression, as his thought, seeks always almost geometrical precision. Thus, a

style only of the greatest lucidity can satisfy his veracity.

"Every genius," says Nietzsche, "wears a mask." Freud's is that of the bourgeois and of inconspicuousness. His outer life, phenomenal by virtue of the continuity of his creative activity, conceals itself behind bureaucratic precision. The perfect symmetry of his countenance long veiled the man's true physiognomy, and his teaching the audacity of his imagination under an apparently sober scientific method. And in just the same way, the lucidity and truthfulness of his utterance conceals its depth under its perspicuousness. Freud is always more than he appears, and whoever has once grasped his nature, will recognise it at every turn. For when once the law of higher unity dominates in a man, it rules creative in his every word and deed, and crystallizes into form.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

TWO POEMS

First publication, these poems not having as yet appeared in German or in any other language.

(English version by Edward W. Titus)

The arms are heaped with tenderness
And no one here to garner it!
— Are angels' hands the only fit?
What other opulence one may possess
Is but a grain sunk in the infinite,
And all the cries that we emit
A boisterous neighbour in distress, —
Serenity, hands folded, opposite.

* * *

In summers with uncommon grain crops fecund
The increase feeds the grudging greed of peasants :
Would I not heed and let steal by unbeckoned
Or spurn as dust the plenitude of presents,
O days, O nights, you showered on me unreckoned?

O days and nights, rich were your bounty's offers!
Its glutted stores, by ravenous labours looted,
No longer yield, — wide gape the empty coffers —
You nights and days, in comradeship fast-rooted!

I crave the force so lordly once drawn from it,
That oldtime sweetness might again be wooed,
— O my once beauteous trees that now stand nude —
And fresh-green as before ascend the summit.

So barren now, O but once more from sheaths
To break, were it the last of blossoming,
Unwise, unheeding, unremembering,
As flowers from ageless sap, — and glow in wreaths!

K. H. WAGGERL

TRAMPS

(Translated from the German by Thelma Spear Lewisohn)

In the early morning before dawn Maria went across the meadows and broken acres as far as the neglected gardens of the neighbouring farm. Autumn had come and a white mist rose from the earth. The country was poor and desolate in the faded morning light. Only in the gardens were there grasses growing, and the potatoes had remained in the earth: they were the daily bread of the poor tramps at this season.

The early wind blew from the mountains, bringing an odour of dew and smoke with it — smoke from the fires of nomads. During the day the street was full of these, but at night they vanished like the rabbits and birds of the fields. They slept behind fences or in the berry bushes, where the ground was warm and dry. But now in the morning they came across the fields or out of farmers' barns and still others got up from the naked earth, stretched themselves, shook the dust from their hair and wandered on. These were bold, intrepid, rough young people. Among them were such as slept with women under the dark arches of a bridge and wrote rash things on barn doors. Many, again, were old and sick and subject to all sorts of horrible disease. They dragged themselves away, wet, hungry and frozen, came and went, — it was in the blood.

Maria came to the brook and there she washed the earthy potatoes. Now the sun appeared, a huge glowing eye behind the trees that flanked the road, entirely wrapped in a mist; but a warm light flowed over the desolate waste

and soft reflections shimmered in the brook. The water became a mirror and Maria was mirrored in its depth. She kneeled on the stones at the brookside and looked for a long time at herself, — alas, she was far from beautiful! But the waters were gracious, they reflected only her dark hair and the sad look in her eyes.

From the road came a cry to her, a long-drawn-out note, all knew it who lived under the open sky, even the birds responded to this simple sound. Maria arose and went along the shore as far as the bridge; yonder Thomas was sitting by the fire and singing. Thomas was a blind man and hence unaware that it had cleared up and that the sun had mounted higher in the sky. It had been cold in the night and the morning was still damp and frosty, so that one warmed one's hands gratefully at the fire and sang:

> " *Autumn is beautiful and sad, alas,*
> *Sad is the wind, it plays in the dry grasses.*
> *The world is wide. And I have wandered far,*
> *Since my youth — far since the days of my youth.* "

Maria came; Thomas felt the tread of her naked feet on the ground.

" I could find nothing but potatoes, Thomas. The gardens were empty and the farmers had their dogs unchained. "

" Dogs ? Really ? — I heard no dogs. "

Maria buried the potatoes in the hot ashes, but Thomas sat there in a suspicious and nasty mood. She didn't visit the farms; she went across the fields and dug potatoes out of the cold earth and afterwards she stopped at the brook to admire herself. Why didn't she tell the truth ?

Maria had been the constant companion of the blind man since the time when he lay ill in a mountain village. Together they roamed through the villages, and market towns. When Thomas played for the dancers, Maria passed the tin plate around among the crowd. Indeed

she was the right wife for a blind man; no other could have suited him as well, and Thomas really was not always in such a mean and jealous frame of mind. At night she lay with him in the hay and he felt the warmth and pulse-beat of her body. Maria may have been tired and hungry, but Thomas could not always be expected to sleep when he lay next to such a wife. Sleep be damned when a pretty woman snuggles close to you! She was everything to him, mother and sweetheart; he saw with her eyes and laughed with her mouth. Since she led him by the hand, Thomas was no longer so lonely in the world. — Aha, Thomas! people would say. — So you've got yourself a wife? And, I say, a devilishly pretty one, — and they would laugh. And Thomas would laugh with them. Yes, indeed, life was worth while now!

But Maria trembled nevertheless when the boys talked that way: she wished they would shut up.

For Maria was hideous; a blood-red birth-mark disfigured her face. God was not always kind, and who can tell what He is about? Why had he marked Maria in such a terrible way and yet given her such a warm heart? Poor Maria had grown up without love, and she was starved for love as Thomas for light. But to Thomas Maria was beautiful, always a true woman in the night, her cheeks always hot, her breath warm. So she accompanied him, loved him, suffered his beatings when he was angry and guarded her secret.

"What's that?" said Thomas suddenly. "Were you in the hay with some man?"

"No, I wasn't in the hay. Eat something Thomas!"

"You say the dogs were after you? Why do you lie to me again? Come here. You were on the haystack, of course, you whore, with some man! And I am your husband, I am or am I not?"

Maria was silent, Oh Lord! — when Thomas was angry he nearly broke her wrists. Far from making

love to her in the hay, the men looked the other way, and the women led their children away when she passed by! She remained silent and after a while Thomas quieted down and was nice to her. And so they sat next to each other on the slope under the trees and ate potatoes out of their hollow hands.

They continued to travel : they had no house to take care of and no door to lock up. Again the highway beckoned, that had no beginning and no end, no door or roof — interminable acres for their restless feet to plough. The highway came from the uplands, out of gorges and woods, came from almost anywhere out of the immeasurably wide world. And that is the beauty of it : you wander and you wander and the morning dawns with a new delight over the dusty country. The boughs of the trees drip and a cheerful wind blows up your shirt over the belt. Or maybe a shepherd will be guiding his flock down the twilight path, in a strange far land — and behind you from the eastward comes the barking of the dogs on the farmsteads. How strange it all is : a vast kingdom, only twenty paces wide, but stretching from the East to the West. You start out when you are young and you tramp and tramp until your hair has turned grey and your pack is bent, yet the road is always the same and never do you lose sight of it...

" Where are we going ? " Thomas asked. " Is it far from here ? "

" No, not very. " Maria saw the towers from afar. " We are going to a big village, almost a town. "

II

In the fields outside the village the cattle were driven to market, young steers and heifers. They were brought down from the pasture, in the uplands, away from their savage freedom. Then they huddled against the fences, stretched their brown spotted necks and bellowed, and

their big mild eyes were filled with fear. Sometimes they butted one another with their horns, and then, conscious of their strength, tore up the earth with their hoofs.

The cattle drivers ran about the field cursing; they pushed their way in between the fighting bodies and their merciless blows drove the milling cattle asunder.

The drivers were drunk and little they cared where their dreadful blows fell as they cracked like shots against the cattle's bones. The animals closed their eyes patiently, and placidly turned away. But a little later they stopped again, stretched their necks and roared. It was the odour and the wind wafted from the highlands, or the smell of the short grass that stirred in the dusk of their souls.

Drivers and farm hands, dealers and farmers, — the whole village was drunk. People gathered in small groups in the street; they embraced one another or spat at one another's feet as was the custom in trade. — You are drunk, the traders said, and I am drunk, but one thing you can be sure of — your billie goat won't be swapped for a cow!

The farmer swore and cursed his mother in her grave but the liquor had made his hard skull mellow and he took the money, the mess of potage, for his yearling bull. He would have his fling and pay the piper. He would buy a piece of stuff for the women, some tobacco for his pipe, a hoe or a wagon wheel and next day he would return to his fields and bend his back to work again. It was a hard life, God knew!

Only the young people had an easy time of it; the village square was filled with their noise and wantonness. The girls had stuck red carnations in their corsets and their hips were just the thing for a heavy hand to rest upon. What is a lumber-jack during the working year but an animal stinking with sweat, sticky with pitch? But when he comes to the village he is a gentleman and he looks down on everyone, farmer and trader; a lover who

never asks the price of a neckerchief, flings his last silver dollar down when he wants another dance, and never stops for the change.

In front of the booths the couples crowded. Tables had been placed outside the tavern, and they danced on the level ground. Thomas was there sitting on a wheelbarrow near the door and playing. Yes, Thomas had drunk too freely of the lumber-jack's liquor, and now he crouched there and sang in his deep bass voice in time to the dancing, and when a dance came to an end, he sang on, with a transfigured face. This had been a good day for him. Maria gathered the money from the tables, but the boys had discovered a new pastime; they threw their money directly at Thomas's head. Maria saw that he was so drunk he could not protect himself against them. She ran about among the people in perplexity, and once she even tried to climb up a cart. But laughter frightened her off.

Evening came and the noise and the merriment swelled into a roar like storm or rushing waters. The lumberjacks no longer danced but picked quarrels and began to fight with those who were passing by. The screaming women warded off their audacious hands.

Maria had gathered the money and tied it up into a knot in her apron, but Thomas was not ready to go. No, he was drunk — the tramp — the miserable hound. They had but to throw money at him, or dung, if you like, and there he would be sitting in his barrow, singing, — just listen what he sings! But Thomas sobbed in his drunkenness, tears ran into his open mouth : the world is wide my black-haired beauty! I have wandered far, I cannot linger...

Maria watched him with terror in her eyes — how would it all end? The lumber-jacks had now begun to take notice; they accompanied the singing with bellows of laughter and found at the same time all kinds of witty remarks to throw at that noisy swine in the wheelbarrow.

Thomas ha, ha! Far have you wandered and always were you drunk! But you possess a pretty wife, Thomas, a devilish good-looking wench — why don't you dance with her? Let's have some music; Thomas must dance...

They dragged him from the wheelbarrow and even Maria could not escape them. Thomas clung to her unsteadily; he really wanted to dance, so blissful was he in his drunkenness and so happy in being honoured by them. The boys stood in a circle surrounding the couple. — "Kiss each other!" They insisted. "Go ahead, show her what a devil of a fellow you are!"

They poured liquor over his head and finally one managed to trip him and he fell headlong. Maria couldn't support his weight. He fell heavily and then he rolled over without a sound under the wheelbarrow.

The whole affair was a joke, no worse than other jokes. No one gave another thought to the blind man, but let him lie there. Which was as it should be. He was homeless: anyhow, no one had invited him to come, and no one thanked him for going. The outlaw, the tramp!

Thomas lay there like dead. Maria hauled him aside into the shade of the house and cleaned his face with her shawl.

"What has happened to you?" she asked in simple-hearted terror. "Is it really bad, Thomas?"

Alone she kneeled by the groaning man, perhaps he will die now and life will be empty and desolate. God, how she depended on him who had been her love and care for so many days and nights! Often he started out merrily because his belly was full, and she could scarcely follow because she was hungry. In the evenings she ran into the houses and for his sake humiliated herself before men. Now she thought of all this and how she had once hunted for him in despair a whole day, when he had left her in anger and lost his way in the swamps. Maria had nothing in the world but this poor devil who

was himself blind and wretched and who let her love him because he could not see her ugliness.

The doctor passed by and Maria ran after him. "Please, doctor!" she said, and clung to his hand. The young doctor's heart was not of stone and not having anything else to do for the moment he accompanied her and examined the sick man. "Nothing serious." After a while Thomas came to and sat up. The doctor teased him about the quantity of booze he had stowed away.

The physician sat down with the two and talked to Maria: "Very well; let him sleep it off, first. You understood me? Are you his wife?"

Hm! Thomas is blind. Maria leads him. The doctor became interested. At home he had two glass cases filled with brand new instruments and his science was as brand-new as these. Perhaps he would be less bored if he gave this man a through examination. He would not be gainsaid. Thomas must get up. He must go with him straight away. "Come along with me," said the doctor. "Nobody's going to hurt you."

Well, nobody did. That same night the two tramps slept in the haystack by the inn as usual. But Thomas had discovered something that amazed and confounded him: first, that his blindness was brought about in a certain measure by his own neglect, second that he might have been cured long ago. A very simple matter — the doctor said. Man alive, the doctor also said, I myself could do it, I mean not by myself, not here in this room. But you had better go to town to the nearest hospital, they'll give you glasses to wear, and you'll see again, or I'm damned! Well, Thomas lay in the hay and reflected about it all. He felt his unseeing eyes with his hands, — to see again? The world spoke to him with special accents. Summer, autumn, those meant to him the rustling of the wind, scented gardens, the taste of dust in the mouth. Things revealed themselves to his hand

in that way the world was beautiful and familiar. He, too, would speak of tree or grass, but by that he knew no more than a bit of bark, the wetness of a leaf. He was unaware of the height of sky, of woods and mountains at a distance. Thomas tried anxiously to grasp the world of those who could see, out of the depth of his simple soul, — what was light, colour? He would now become another person, a person like others, free and happy.

Thomas thought of Maria who lay at his side and slept. He turned round and groped for her face. — It was wet with tears.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Are you crying?"

"No, Thomas, — I am not crying."

III

Grey streets, grey air, that makes a town.

Maria went along the river whose water, shimmering in the evening light, flowed in a broad stream, smooth as a lake. The girl looked for a place under the trees, for a bench to sleep on. For a week Maria had been living in town. When she had arrived, the crowns of the trees were still thickly covered with foliage of soft autumnal splendour, but every day since they lost more leaves, their naked limbs were unprotected from the wind and the shameless glances of passers-by.

Yes, for a week Thomas lay in the hospital. Hence Maria ran the streets alone, cold and sick at soul. She hated this town where she wandered about and fought desperately against her fate, wept and called to God from the depths of her heart. Each day could not but bring the break with Thomas a bit nearer. At the beginning she thought of all sorts of silly ways to put off the decision. She lost her way or pretended to be ill in order to gain time. Meanwhile Thomas became suspicious, — what was the matter with Maria now? He took to

questioning strangers, and when Maria pretended to be ill, he felt her in the night and groped his way alone.

Maria loved the blind man, but hers was not the heart of a heroine, capable of renunciation. It is not the nature of love to renounce. Thomas wanted his sight; yes, but then he would see how hideous his poor wife was; he would realize that advantage had been taken of his helplessness to cheat him, and then everything would go smash. For itself alone is not love more precious than the light of the eye? Love, that is, the inexhaustible loving-kindness of a woman's heart! Every morning Maria came to the hospital at the end of the town. She was not permitted to visit the sick man. He must lie in the dark and wait the healing of his eyes. They were not quite sure just when this would come about. Maria stood there for a long time in the corridor. A leaden smell, the hum of a perilous silence prevailed in the building. Physicians in white garments passed by, gave her an absent-minded questioning glance and disappeared noiselessly in the depth of the corridor. Nurses with strangely soft white faces came from doors charged with dishes and utensils. Maria livened up a little bit— yes, yes, the sisters would assure her, but not just yet my dear woman! Perhaps to-morrow, one more day, but everything is sure to turn out all right.

Maria sighed and went away, — not to-morrow—, my God! A few days more, one day more...

It was snowing. Sad flakes came flickering down from the ash-grey sky. Maria returned to the town; but where should she go now? The streets were lively with people who were hurrying in the uncomfortable cold. They all looked peevish and solemn. Maria followed a fur-clad lady, walked behind her into a large shop and mixed with a crowd of shoppers. If she was careful and didn't approach the counters, it was likely that she might stay here a long while and warm herself. But she was discovered by a floorwalker. He came up to her

after a while and said very calmly but threateningly: "Clear out!"

Maria, who had not been altogether inexperienced, knew that it was easy to get a little food afternoons in the eating places, left-overs from the plates of hurried guests. No, in the day-time it wasn't so bad; she could sit for many hours in railroad or dentists' waiting-rooms. But the nights,— in the nights her forlornness overwhelmed Maria.

It got dark early. Maria sought the quiet side-streets of the old town where it was less windy and a trifle warmer. She remained standing a long while before a hairdresser's show window. Yes, it was precisely this window with the laughing wax dummy, amid the mirrors and little boxes, — it was here that this empty sweet waxface consoled her in the strangest way. Perhaps things weren't quite so bad. Everything not lost yet, and Maria drew her dark shawl closer under her chin and pulled a wisp of her hair down over her cheek, — a perky black lock.

Then a man passed by? He grazed her shoulder. A few steps farther on he stopped and looked back at her. He was a workman, rather a dashing fellow with cap and coat and light spats over his shoes. Maria was startled. Of course, the stranger now stood at her side smiling at her supposed vanity. She turned away quickly pushed back her hair and went over to the other side into the dark street.

But the man followed her, and how could she help his catching up with her and speaking to her?

"Please, miss," he said. "Please, miss, you seem to be alone?"

Maria made no reply. Lower down in the street a lantern burned. How is that? Maria thought confusedly, but unusually happy, — she had been standing there in the red light of the window almost pleased with herself. Probably the strange man had seen her there, — he who

had now joined her and spoken hastily to her. It may not, after all, be on account of the darkness only that he was familiar with her and slid his hand under her arm. He spoke of a meal and a room; he said it wasn't far, only a short distance down the next street. Maria also permitted him to kiss her on the cheek during their walk. How well she knew this hot breath in the darkness. Yes, yes, her thought ran on excitedly and gratefully, — wait! Come with me!

In the circle of light cast by the lantern Maria came to a stop trembling and weak in her agonizing anticipation. The man bent over and looked her in the face. He smiled, yes — and then she saw how the smile changed suddenly, only a very little, but it was like an icy grip upon her heart.

"Ah, — so that's it!" the stranger said and straightened up. They walked for a while together; gradually the man moved away from her and disappeared casually down a side street...

That night Maria roamed restlessly through the echoing streets. Once she came back to the lantern, and there she pressed her brow against its cold iron and wept. In the morning she sought the hospital again on the town's outskirts, but dared not go in. She only looked through the windows, all of them were shining and uncurtained and the day was a bright sunny one of early winter. Maria turned away and went back to the town: she was tired, exhausted, done for, — the end was to be an empty one, very empty. She stopped in the middle of a bridge...

The people on the bridge suddenly began to run; they cried and leaned over the railing, — nothing to get excited over! It was all done and over with.

And that very day a new world opened to Thomas. He was permitted to leave the soft twilight of his room. Intoxicated by the light, he walked dizzily through the passages and gardens of the hospital. Later he was given

back his clothes and his place was taken by another patient.

But where was Maria?

Maria? Oh, his wife? She used to come every day, but not to-day. In fact she had not turned up since the day before.

Thomas couldn't understand. He wandered about the streets, restless, sad, — looking, looking for Maria. A woman, do you understand, a pretty woman! What did she look like?, — but that Thomas couldn't answer. He observed everything now: the old dark world vanished from his consciousness, but he had no idea of Maria's looks. She touched him only out of the distant darkness as something soft and good, — yes, her hands were soft, her hands were always warm! But the people he told this to laughed and left him standing there.

"Go to the lost property office" someone said. — "No; that's a smart joke, but you might try the police, just the same."

The commissary of the police also had difficulty with Thomas.

"A young woman, really? Large? Perhaps a blonde? Well, what *was* she like?"

Thomas began to tell his story. He had been blind; then he went to a hospital to be cured and now he wore glasses and could see, but Maria was gone.

"Her name was Maria, officer. She used to come to see me every day, but no longer since that Sunday."

The officer became attentive. "Wait," he said "when did she come to the hospital for the last time? Hum; I'm not so sure, but come along with me anyway."

Thomas followed him into a large bright room, the walls of which were lined with zinc-covered tables and on them lay here and there long bundles wrapped in white cloths, — corpses! The police officer walked up to one of these uncanny packages and pulled back the covering.

" Pull yourself together, " he said " Is it this one ? "

Thomas bent over a horrible face which, black and swollen, stared at him with white soapy eyes.

" No, " said Thomas, pale and smiling, " that's not Maria. She was young, officer, and pretty... "

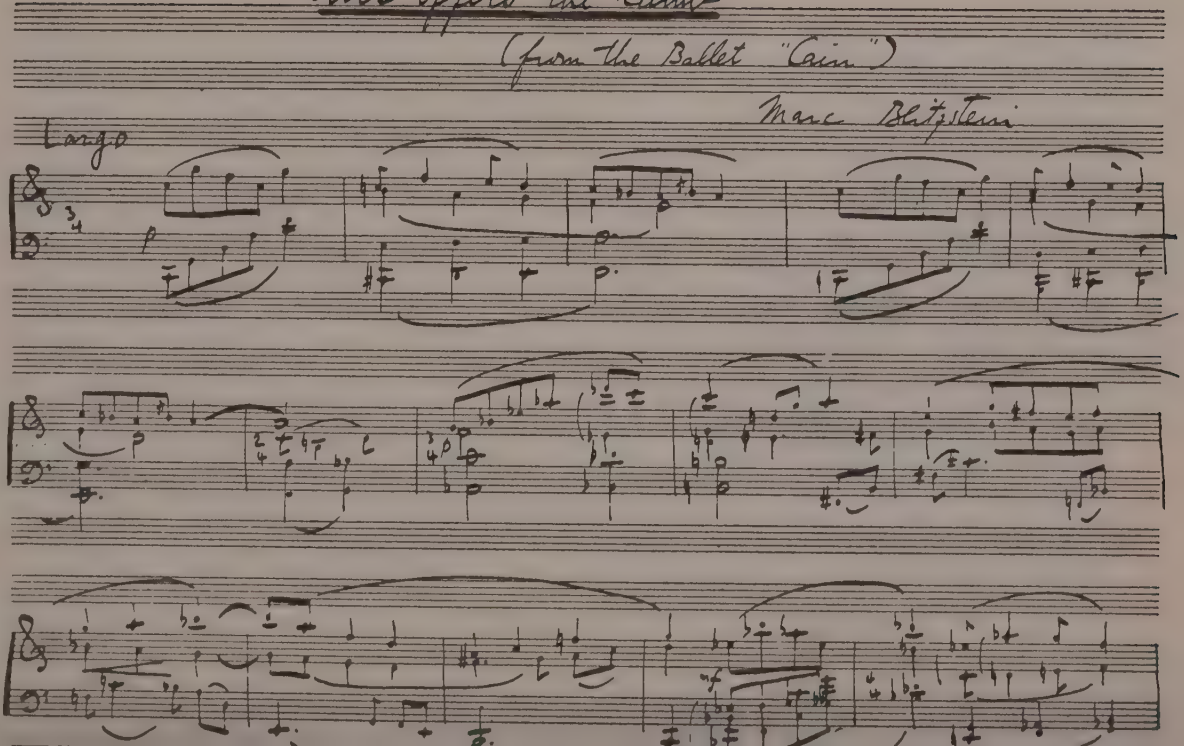
And then the tramp started out on his search for Maria whom he had never really known and who had so strangely moved him out of that distant darkness. He left the town and took to the road again. The wind blew in the poplar trees, the snow crackled under his tramping feet. All had become familiar again.

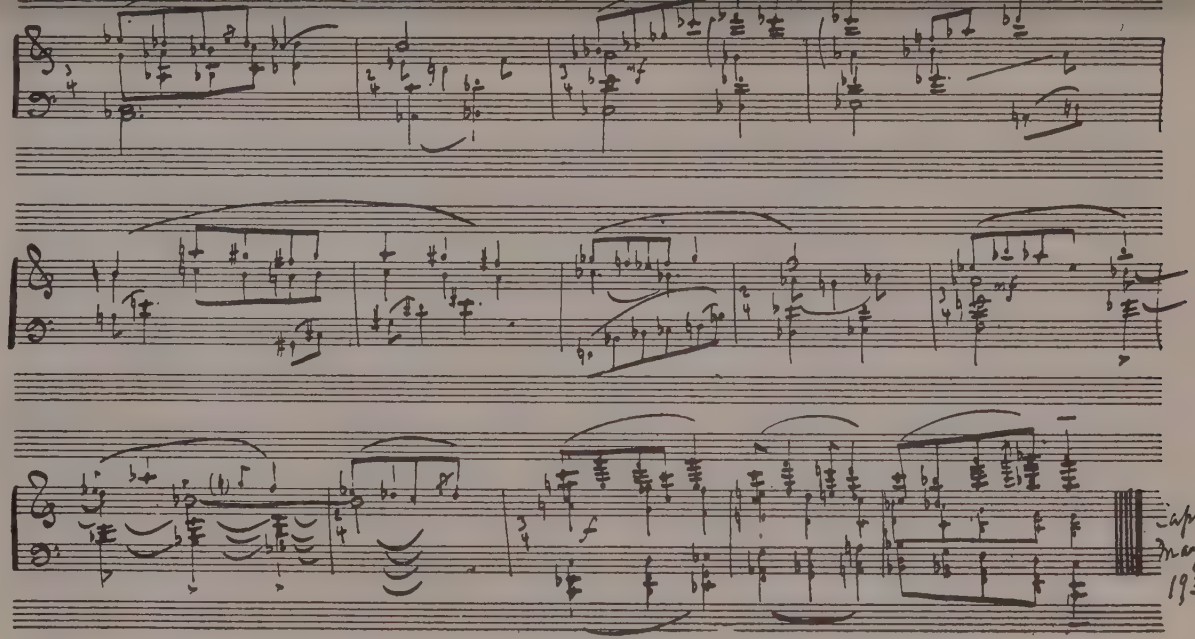
The road, the road was in his blood.

Abel offers the Lamb.

(from the Ballet "Cain")

Marc Blitzstein

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1930

MARIA MUHLGRABNER

CHRISTA

(Translated from the German by Thelma Spear Lewisohn)

"Yes, indeed! — that's just it! — we artists!" Such expressions filled the room and whirred through it, and rose and fell insistently and boastfully about the table at which twice seven people sat discussing what life owed them and had in store for them, and how they were minded to requite it.

Pungent tobacco smoke floated over the heads of the men at the round table. Whenever one of them turned suddenly around, a rift gaped in the cloud of smoke, and on the honey-brown wainscoating of the walls the shadows of the speakers stood out sharp and black. The choking clouds of smoke hung about the lamp, tough and viscous.

"We have the power to create a new world, but the world misunderstands us, muzzles us, destroys us!" And each one of the two times seven was convinced that everything in the earth's structure must be torn asunder that the beautiful realm for human happiness might be formed; each believed he must cry from the house-tops, each protesting in his own manner. There was one among them who scarcely spoke a word the whole evening. The others were accustomed to see him sitting silent for hours at a time enjoying the ruby gleam of the red wine in his glass which he held up now and then against the light.

Outside roared the organ music of the south wind, whilst Conrad Tröger, silent amid the clamorous, listened to this mighty melody that rang and stirred one

and tore one asunder. Gradually it became clear to him that they were but chatterers who sat at his table. He observed how the young ones sat bored and smiled scornfully at the words of their elders; he watched the older people's indulgent attitude towards the disputing youngsters. And he was suddenly aware that one of them, who preached of human goodness, had nevertheless abandoned his wife and children because they stood in the way of his advancement. He saw that another exerted himself in talking of manly discipline, and he knew likewise that this man was not ashamed to sponge on life and the world like an old beggar-woman for years at a stretch. He heard another's bitter complaint that women had utterly failed him, and observed at the same time just how little that same man had kept faith with a woman. He had suffered having it dinned in his ears by still another who had unscrupulously bent to his will the useful things in life, that all men were egotists, inconsiderate rabble; that did not give a hoot about what its artists and consecrated spirits gave it. All he heard was words, words; all he saw was gestures and more gestures. He saw all at once thirteen masks sitting at the table, thirteen men each of whom had felt the call to carry out God's creative plans daily anew, each of whom damned man and history, each of whom declared he could have made a much better world and corrected the mistakes that God had committed, — all he needed was the willing ears of the multitude, moron, irresponsibly dull, nothing better than ordure, with which one soiled one's hands uselessly. And Conrad Trōger saw thirteen artists robbed of the true flame of consecration, disillusioned by the divine emission, disputing and haggling, exhausting themselves by their shouting in the market-place, condemning in their neighbour all that they were themselves incapable of achieving. Intellect and wit and the fulness of conquest he saw crumbling, saw them consumed in the fire-works of mere talk; and in the ashes he discerned the envy and malice

of small souls poisonously stirring. The pitifulness of quenched humanity! Outside the south wind roared through the night and thrust its laughter against the window panes at such mere idleness.

Thereupon Konrad Trôger jumped up, digging his nails into his palms until they hurt :

" We are the most miserable, the most ungrateful crew on God's earth! We give that which we most want to give, which is most congenial for us to give, and demand for that the acknowledgment that we have unselfishly enriched the lives of those about us; we revel in the ecstacy of creation and yet ask the world about us to reward this pleasure as heroism! We force our way into the pain and joy of men, we analyse brutally women's happiness and bitter travail, and cry out for the consideration which is being withheld from us, we — oh, we are a wretched race! We — we artists —! Alas! " Slowly, almost solemnly Konrad Trôger strode toward the door.

" You're a fool! You're nothing but a fool! " rang out after him. He would have liked to turn back and add : Yes, perhaps I am just that. Little do any of us know what we really are, and above all we artists know only now and then what we would like to be. But instead he walked down the stairs without looking round.

Out of doors in the stormy March night he was as lonely, as world weary as he had once been, many years ago, exactly as at that time, when one Sunday his mother had put on him a dark red silk necktie, with black spots, and the boys in the street had jeered at him. That day a delicate pallid girl had stepped up to him, laid her little white hands on his arm and said : " Don't mind them, they are stupid, very stupid, and I shall never play in the sand with them again. "

He would have liked then to say : " Christa Rauth, you are good and kind. " But he was deeply ashamed that a

girl should want to comfort him and turned his back on the foolish child, without saying a word.

He strode through the streets; leaned against the hot wind; lifted his face to the sparkling night and tried to blot out the memory of this evening's experience.

Konrad Trôger did not go home that night at all. Something within him was driving him through the whole town and along the leaden stream; and goading him on through meadows and upland woods. When the morning mounted over the hillside into the valleys he knew that he could never go back to the company of those mere babblers who had hitherto been his associates.

He stood before Christa Rauth's house when the light of day was pouring its splendour into the streets. He had regained entirely his composure as he knocked at Christa's door and she laid both hands on his shoulders, crying :

" Konrad, how big you've grown! "

" Do you remember how you stood up for me when those boys made fun of me ? "

She laughed brightly because she remembered.

" Yes, they were quite mad about it. "

" Yes, but it made me happy. "

" Would you like to see my beehives ? "

" No, Christa, I want to ask you if you would like to go away with me to a house somewhere in the forest far up in the mountains. There we could have seventy-seven beehives. "

Christa Rauth, slowly freed her hands from his and was silent — her temples were becoming moist and cold— and half turned away —

She said at last, as though in that one moment she had reflected for a thousand nights :

" Yes, Konrad, I just simply must! "

A wealth of untouched power came from her voice. —

And so Konrad Trôger, the artist, returned to the dream of his youth and dedicated himself to his profession for

which his studies had legitimately prepared him and became a forester, unknown to fame.

His small house stood deep in the wood, well removed from city and village. It was brown and had cheerful green shutters and red roses in front of the windows. In his garden hundreds of colours glowed; his courtyard swarmed with animals of many kinds; close to his heart rested his wife — his sunlight.

And far and wide there was no one to bellow of conquering the world and changing it while he was but a shop-keeper at heart.

Across the brook stood the ancient Mareiler farmstead, its occupants, like all uncomplicated highland peasants, were reserved, austere, harsh and simple people. They meddled with nothing outside their own world and were happy and satisfied when not meddled with by others.

Andrew Mareiler, the peasant, Agnes, his wife, Notburg, his old mother, eight children and a grey-haired manservant, lived back of the greenwood in that neighbouring house.

One day was exactly like another at the Mareiler's, no conflicts ever arose, nothing exciting happened back of these great walls; words were few and no fuss was made about what happened or did not happen to the eleven Mareilers. Week after week, year after year, they lived in an unimpeachably matter-of-course way. The old mother grew smaller and more shrivelled with every winter, the young Mareiler woman leaner after every child she bore, the farmer broader with every son he lifted out of his wife's bed to be carried three hour's distance to the christening. Upon his return four, five, six children, one more blonde head with each year, stood by the meadow fence waiting for their new little brother and for the red and green sugar-sticks which the father brought from his christening. With dirty faces they then sucked one another's sugar plums and threw spruce cones at the goats and sheep to defend their titbits.

In that first year of her marriage Christa Trôger used to pass by the Mareiler homestead whenever she went to the village for her monthly shopping. During the second and third year it happened that sometimes she would stop on her way to draw close to her one of the bright tousled-headed children, but would leave again when the red-cheeked boy, embarrassed and refusing the unaccustomed caresses, tried to ward them off.

It was in the fourth year when her husband had to be away for days at a time on account of his work up the valley that she slipped secretly over to the Mareilers one evening and pressed her face against a ground-floor window, to watch the children lining up inside one after another in their little nightdresses to be blessed by their mother with the sign of the cross, to hear the little red mouths stammer : " Our Father Who art in Heaven — hallowed be — " and drop asleep before they had finished the evening prayer.

On another occasion it happened that, seized by a sudden outburst of sobbing, she struck her head hard against the window and the old Mareiler woman found the forester's young wife lying in a heap by the door.

The full moonlight was silvery up on the hillside. In this ghostly shimmering stood the mother of the Mareilers, a woman wilted and bent with age, with her two hanging white braids, and her wrinkled, startled face, like a goblin — stood before Christa Trôger who sobbed out suddenly:

" I want a child — I too — mother. "

" Sssh! Be still woman! For the love of God hold your tongue! "

The old woman wanted to turn back to the house, when Christa Trôger hurriedly said :

" But why is it, why, that your children can have ten children and I none, none ? "

" God knows, pray to him! "

" I'd give anything for a child! "

" Be quiet, woman. Put not a curse upon yourself. "

The old hag dragged Christa Tröger to a bench near the house.

"Everything is predetermined, woman, everything settled before, and God knows how to care for all his children. When my Matthias perished in Russia and two of my three boys fell fighting against the French I took my oath at yonder mountain ridge, to God, that I would give this Mareiler home to the poor if only he would send my third boy back alive. My wish was granted and he came back home safely from the war. But I couldn't bring myself to give away my boy's patrimony. So the boy was married here in this house. A few weeks before the first child was born I caught my right hand in the saw mill. The fingers I had taken the oath with were torn off, and before I die, lightning will strike the house, or an avalanche destroy it, I feel sure of it! I will have to give it up in spite of the ten children of my Andrew. God's memory is long and he does not forego his due, my friend."

Christa Rauth whispered into the moonlight: "I would gladly give my finger, my house for a child!"

And she walked through the forest to her home. At the bridge which crossed the mountain brook between the Mareiler house and her forest cabin, she lingered a while and watched the restless, peaceless waves plunging into the valley.

Winter arrived with unusually heavy snows. It was a long, lonely and unbelievably silent winter. All paths were snowed under, all streamlets frozen over. Under the thick icefloes the mountain brook gurgled on its weary way and it could be heard only in the quiet of the noon hour. For weeks at a time the path from the forester's house to the Mareiler's was made impracticable by snowdrifts as high as fences.

Konrad Tröger wrote again. He wrote with a glowing heart for hundreds of hours, ever since he had surprised his uncomplaining wife bending over a child's tiny shoe

of white wool. He had drawn the pale woman to his breast and asked with a quivering voice:

" Christa ? "

His wife had lifted tear drenched eyes and shaken her head bitterly :

" No, Konrad! "

Now he realized that God had given him strength enough not to break down under this burden.

Towards the end of March, a night of tumult beat suddenly upon the silent house. Hot voices came floating upon the sudden gusts, the wood-worm was heard sawing in the timber of the bedroom, and startled birds were hurled against the windows.

Konrad Trôger walked out into the darkness; the storm whipped against his clothes, the gale swept his face.

" The south wind has come, Christa. "

" Now in the lower valley the violets are blooming. "

" In just a few weeks our forest will glow in full bloom. "

" Not yet, it takes time, more time than that, Konrad."

" Ah well, one learns to wait for things, Christa. Patience, a little patience. "

The south wind's organ fugues raged down from the heights. The water springs were loosened. The mountain stream burst asunder its fetters of crystal. On the third day its flight had precipitated stones into the valley. It had been rejuvenated. It was savage and mad with delight. It rose and leaped with joy and spread to the extreme edge of its bed; and the mountain wind thrust forth unceasingly its hot breath.

With a strange smile the old Mâreiler woman waded through the sodden fields. She whispered to herself mysteriously while making her weary rounds, and there was none to ask what it was she wanted to say or to conceal.

On the sixth day the mountain stream droned uncannily

through the silent country. The old woman hobbled into the barns and set the cattle free from their stalls. Then she seized her son by the arm :

" Andy, in all my seventy years I have never seen so much snow and the wind's howling never stops. "

" Yes, the wind. "

The following night, hell spewed out a thousand devils to revel upon the spring-sick earth. Boulders were loosened from the mountains, and freed the mischievous spirits of the avalanche from imprisonment. The Muhr river was unleashed, the trees and rocks roared. All that lay in the path was carried along by the tempest.

Towards morning all was calm on the summits and in the deeps.

A grey procession approached the forester's house. It was Agnes Mareiler with her faded face, hugging the youngest born child to her breast. Around their mother thronged nine boys struggling against their terror and tears.

" The house was swept away in the night. Not a stick was left standing. Grandmother was crushed to death. "

She was found by the farmers under a broken door some distance down the valley. She held the stumps of her right hand pointing upward. Andrew was watching over his dead.

Konrad Trôger aided the twelve Mareilers and their serving man to build a roof over their heads. The new home stood in a clearing high above the forester's house, well out of reach of danger from the long since calmed mountain brook.

One Friday in the late fall Christa Trôger had a dream in the evening afterglow. She gazed ahead quite without thinking; she took her fill of joy; her heart beat full and high. And all of a sudden the precious consciousness streamed through her whole being, that at last her wish

was answered — her womb had been blessed — at last! — Blessed. What peace, holy mother Mary! Fulfilled! Bewildered she pulled herself together.

She selected an empty field and lit a fire, jubilantly. This fire should now crackle and blaze and bring her husband down that very hour from the clearing where the new Mareiler house was being built. He would come and clasp her to his breast and ask again : " Christa ? " And she would sob : " God is good! God is merciful! "

Intoxicated she gazed into the red firelight like roses. When she heard her husband's step in the forest, she could scarcely rise, her body was so heavy.

" Did you call me ? "

She stared trembling into his face and merely said :

" Yes! " And again : " I did " and stretched out her arms towards him.

Konrad Trôger lifted her in his arms, and she whispered in his ear :

" We are going to have — Konrad, — about next spring. "

Whereupon he carried her with a shout of joy into the waiting house. —

But in that very night a storm came raging from the north. It swept and raked and ransacked every corner. It picked up sparks from the ashes of Christa Trôger's joyous hearth and blew, and blew, and blew! It whipped the sparks up on to the roof, thrust them behind the timbers of the jutted windows, and blew, and blew, and blew! Its tongue nagged, and nagged, as malice nags. — It was near midnight when Konrad and Christa had to flee from their burning home.

Howling, the red devil trampled their house to the ground.

. . . . . .

Christa Trôger's child, born the following spring, was strong and healthy. But it carried a blue-red birth mark on its breast.....

ARNOLD ULITZ

THE CITADEL

(English Version by E. W. Titus)

It was proved up to the hilt that one certain Tomaschewski had been feeding out to the foreign bourgeois press mendacious and disparaging reports relating to the new Russian State, whose bread he had been eating as an official of its government. He was thrown in prison and in his cell wrote a scenario, The Citadel. He sent the manuscript with a covering letter to the President of the Board of Judicial Investigations. The preposterously robust and heroic tone of the letter amused the Komissar. It revealed the transmutation of Saul into Paul. The identical radical power that, without examining into his motives, sent him, an avowed antagonist, to prison, had now brought him round to reason. That power he was now able to contrast with the former power of the Tsar and to recognize that what an idol had wielded before, an ideal is wielding now. Nothing would give him greater joy than the expiation of his crime. It was not to influence opinion in his favor that he had produced this scenario, but to requite — be it ever so slightly — the State for the grave offence he had committed against it. The Komissar wondered if the man had really thought he could move him from the path of duty. Tomaschewski was shot the following morning, but as the scenario seemed to possess possibilities, it was duly referred to the famous director Bonin, of the Government Cinema Corporation : Department of Propaganda.

The manuscript's all too evident over-partisanship

angered Bonin's private conscience. The subject matter brought home with brutal directness the appalling contrast between the all-powerful boot of the Citadel's Governor and the pitiful backside of the people receiving its kicks. In the end the ever-growing embitterment of the people swelled into a tremendous wave that with a superb display of power swept away the tsarist citadel which had been serving as a penal institution. The scenario's mimic and pictorial possibilities were indeed of prime importance. There still existed real citadels and real destruction of them was still permitted. And so Bonin got to work. He had the means, he had the men, and his actors possessed sufficient fanaticism to invest even the smallest part with the flame of idealism, which stood for hating the Old and loving the New.

Chugan took the part of the Governor of the citadel. " These are new times, indeed," he said jokingly, " for never before could a Jew have become a general." He added reflectively : " Besides, the time is bound to come when actors will be utterly incapable of playing the part of such swine, because Old Russia, where alone such swine were to be found, will herself no longer be even conceivable." His colleagues contradicted him passionately. Was not the actor's task precisely that? By that same token Macbeth should no longer be produced either... And so on. But Chugan stood his ground vehemently. "No, no, a hundred times no! No use trotting out Macbeth and such like felons! All said and done, they are thoroughly human, aren't they? And it is perfectly natural to represent a human individual on the stage. A Russian Governor, on the contrary, had nothing human about him: he was a stupid machine, an instrument of torture. A murderer by mandate, not a born murderer; driven by obedience, not instinct. And that is not, I think, a playable part. Unnaturally obedient! Could you obey, obey in such manner? "

Bonin listened, shuffled, contradicted, mumbled. He

always liked these typically Russian discussions. To his ears they were like so many orchestral instruments, and he listened carefully to note whether they rang true or false. "If you can create that instrument of torture, Chugan, you will be the greatest actor in Russia. So listen here. Machine, nothing but that, machine, ratt-ratt-ratt, but at the same time, mind you, the inescapable fact that this same machine had come out of a real, hot, bleeding mother's womb! That's the great secret, I believe. Isn't it?" Chugan's face turned pale. "Yes, the secret of Old Russia. Or is it the secret of every soldier, what?" So he hoped that he — a Jew — whose father had been slain in a pogrom at Orscha, after interminable torture at last mercifully slain, would, with loathing and ineffable sadness, for at least one moment so portray the machine that every spectator must shudder and pray that those times may never be lived again!

It soon became plain to all that Chugan had gone to work with great vim, but no one was under any illusion that his performance would reach a great height. "Splendid, splendid," came Bonin's praise, "but your Governor is still too sentimental, I think. I bet his paternal eyelids would still twitch if he were forced to turn his daughter over to the Tsar for his "hmhmhm." Give us more machine, and more brutally to the point, Chugan!"

But not to Chugan was this to be told. Night after night he had been re-reading the letters from his father and sister. He wept and cursed himself for having become an actor, simply to satisfy his vanity. Never would he be able to conceive and portray more than this or that narrow-grooved creature and the Jew Chugan. Never could he be a true Governor, and always only a warped, chicken-livered European with a literary kink. Disgusting!

One night a Red Army regiment marched by his house on the way to be entrained for no one knew where to put

down an uprising. The iron fist, that is it! The iron fist! He walked up to the window, looked below, dared to laugh at the soldiers, even soldiers of the Red Army, yes, even the red! The night was misty, the soldiers looked like phantoms, the captain on horseback closing the rear. Chugan who could not see the officer's face called out impulsively : " Look up, comrade! I want to take a look at the kind of a fellow who can command! " His head drooping, the officer rode by and disappeared from view.

" Orders, always orders; what a lot of ordering about, " Chugan was thinking to himself. " A Komissar issued an order and Tomaschewski was shot. The officer will issue an order and men will die. How can that be? How, I want to know? It's easy enough to obey, but to command — how about that?" The surpassing courage of one who can command, that was too much for him. Nor did it seem possible to him that such an issuer of orders should not get chalk-pale at the mere thought that he might be laughed at, spat upon, pelted with stones! That any one man should with one word direct two individuals, seemed to him out of all reason. The impudence of force on the one hand and the stupidity of weakness on the other were equally beyond his ken. " How could such a thing as the Tsar have existed at all, " he fumed. " Or a Governor? " He simmered down suddenly : " How is it that there is an officer down below? "

The following morning everyone thought he had spent the night drinking, so scurrilous was his behaviour. " A dirty business, " he said, " to have murdered Tomaschewski! All he wanted was to speak his mind, and had no wish to be part of a machine. " " Chugan, that machine business of yours will drive you crazy! "— " Leave him alone, that's his way of rehearsing his part. " — " Quite so, " laughed Chugan, " I am that mechanical swine, the Governor! "

And so the Governor ordered a small group of corporals to strip three prisoners and then asked for a whip. Close-up of noble bare backs twitching already from only anticipated suffering! "Listen, Chugan," said Bonin, calmly as usual. "Bear well in mind that the responsibility isn't yours, but the Tsar's. The great principle of the tsarist government is that each of the Tsar's underlings has, in his turn and according to rank, the tsar's powers over his own inferiors. But responsible is the Little Father, the Tsar, alone, God save him!" And he laughed softly. "Yes," said Chugan, and looked so frozenly on the bared backs before him that Bonin exulted: He has got it now! — Chugan laid on the whip. "Are you mad?" screamed the man under the whip. "Shut up, you can damn well shut up when I whip you. I have no ears, I am made of iron, you fool! How stupid of you to scream anyway, — you, a man, screaming at me, a machine," came hissing from Chugan. "Great, great, I tell you!" Bonin encouraged him. Firing was heard in the wings. Chugan halted. A soldier came rushing in, announcing an uprising. Chugan ordered the stripped prisoners to be bound and taken away. He himself remained calm and unmoved. He is next seen standing at the side of a gun, field-glasses glued to his eyes. His face shows neither hate nor fear. He gives an order to fire. What could be more in the spirit of cinema than bursting shells? A man lifts his shattered wife head-high and swinging her corpse like a banner rushes against the fortress. The Governor is seen engaged in pinning on his medals and loading his pistols. The gates are being stormed. The Governor fires with composure, once, twice...

Terrific screaming. The mob gives way. "Irresistible!" roars Bonin. "The dead don't matter. Freedom, freedom!" — "He fires with bullets!" bellows one of the crowd and flees. "Alone I am weak, and I must lean on somebody; I lean on the Tsar.

Long live the Tsar!" — "He isn't film-acting!" the actors shrieked in terror. Chugan was firing wildly in all directions. Now even Bonin heard the whiz of real bullets. "Keep your camera going!" he called. Soldiers came breaking into the Governor's room from the rear. "Long live the Tsar!" roared Chugan and then somebody stabbed him in the back. The crowd scattered and stared about them terror-struck.

"Did you shoot through it all?" Bonin asked the camera man. "You bet!" — "Thank God for that!"

NOTES ON AUSTRIAN CONTRIBUTORS

Arthur Schnitzler, a Viennese by birth, is the most universally known of the group of contemporary Austrian writers. We do not think it an over-statement to say that no modern author has succeeded so well in conveying a city's peculiar genius and flavour as Schnitzler has done in the case of his native Vienna on the Danube. Perhaps only the " waltz-king " Strauss has achieved the distinction as completely in terms of music.

A physician originally, and the son of a physician, it was undoubtedly his intimate knowledge of the currents and under-currents of jealousies, intrigues and racial prejudices which ran riot in the midst of the learned profession in Vienna during the closing decades of the nineteenth century that enabled Schnitzler to evolve his moving medico-professional drama *Professor Bernhardi*. Although brimful of controversial politico-social interplay and devoid of all love interest, Schnitzler's masterly craftsmanship has understood how to invest the drama with never-flagging interest. We think that *Professor Bernhardi* places Schnitzler's skill at the apogee of his career as a dramatic writer, and it is due probably only to the entire lack of precise parallel between the conditions then prevailing in Vienna and those in other European and American centers that the play has not been produced in English speaking countries. The same medical antecedents have served Schnitzler in good stead also in his almost clinical novel *Sterben*.

" Dream and wakefulness are in constant fusion; so are truth and falsehood; certainty is nowhere. " Thus in Schnitzler's work seeming opposites are always harnessed together in amity; even fantasy and reality, like violins and kettle-drums, blend in the symphonic flow of life.

A bibliography of his plays, short stories, novels and essays, would fill pages of this review. The well-known *Anatol Dialogues* had first brought Schnitzler to the notice of English readers and theatregoers. These he published in 1892. His first work, *My Friend Ypsilon*, was printed in a Viennese periodical: *An der Schönen Blauen Donau*. From that time onward there passed hardly a year without the appearance of a new work by Schnitzler; not even the war could arrest his fertility. It only slackened his speed, not his inventiveness and artistic fervor.

The famous or, as some would have it, infamous, ten dialogues *Reigen*, the production of which had been first interdicted by the Berlin police authorities, then permitted by decree of court, was never presented on an English-speaking stage, except perhaps

clandestinely, and the two printed English versions, *Hands Around* and *Couples*, were seized by the authorities in America. We are not aware of any official action having taken place in England, but the circulation of the original German work and the French version remains free from official interference in Germany and France. *Reigen* is the dance, the " vicious circle " as it were, of promiscuity, with a touch of humour, as only stark reality has sometimes the uncanny knack of revealing.

Born in 1862, now approaching the age of seventy, the true cynic's good-natured philosophy of life pervades his most recent utterances. The pages we print in the present issue are, we believe, the latest from Schnitzler's pen. They have not as yet appeared in a printed medium in the German language and have been read by the author only once before a club in Vienna.

Rainer Maria Rilke : There has been a question in our mind, but only for a fleeting moment, whether this poet should be included amongst Austrian writers. He was born in Prague, Bohemia, when (1875) and continuing for nearly another quarter of a century, his native country had formed a component part of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. He was the son of German parents, of whom at least the father — if not the mother as well — had been an Austro-German of ancient Carinthian nobility. All of his writing had been in the German language, with the exception of a few poems written in French and published in *Commerce* and *Nouvelle Revue Française*, during three years or so preceding his death in 1926.

Intended originally for a military career, his father had placed him in a military academy at St Pölten from which he made his escape, being unable, the sensitive boy he was, to support " the overt cowardly heartlessness that stopped at no cruelty of treatment from sheer bestiality of murderous lust. " His career as a published poet dates from 1894, when he published *Leben und Lieder*. Then followed the further poetic output *Larenopfer*, *Traumgekrönt*, *Advent*; one or two volumes of short tales and some dramatic work, after which in 1899 he visited Russia. He made the acquaintance of Tolstoy, whom he revisited a year later. In 1901 he published *Geschichten vom lieben Gott*, in which Tolstoy's influence is unmistakable : " That Russia is my real home is one of the great and mysterious certainties which are my sustenance. " One year later appeared *Buch der Lieder*. In 1903 he became private secretary to Rodin, the sculptor, at Meudon. He then visited Italy, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt and Spain, always returning to Paris and Rodin.

Rilke's *Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge*, a lyric autobiographical novel, was published in 1909; *Marienleben*, a cycle of

thirteen poems, in 1912. Since these notes make no pretence to bibliographical enumeration, Rainer Maria Rilke's other works in verse and prose must remain unnoted, with the exception only of his translations of Elizabeth Barrett-Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, André Gide's *Retour de l'Enfant prodigue* and the works of Paul Valéry.

Owing to the superb tonal quality of his poems, superior, in our estimation, even to that great singer Heine, the difficulty to render Rilke into English is almost insuperable. May we adduce a few lines taken at random?

Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen,
die sich über die Dinge ziehn.
Ich werde den letzten vielleicht nicht vollbringen,
aber versuchen will ich ihn.
Ich kreise um Gott, um den uralten Turm,
und ich kreise jahrtausend lang,
Und ich weiss noch nicht : bin ich ein Falke, eine Sturm,
oder ein grosser Gesang.

Or this :

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille
sich lautlos auf. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,
geht durch die Glieder angespannte Stille
un hört im Herzen auf zu sein.

We should be happy to present a box of good cigars to any one of our poet friends who would successfully turn the quoted lines into English, retaining music, form and thought.

Stefan Zweig is a Viennese by birth. This eminent essayist began his literary career as a lyric poet in 1901 at the age of twenty, the title of his first collection of poems being *Silbernen Seiten*. Stefan Zweig, together with Emil Ludwig, although if we are not mistaken Zweig was Ludwig's precursor, are the originators of the "modern" manner of biography. Zweig has tried his hand successfully also at the art of the novel and as playwright and is one of the most translated of the German writers of our day.

Richard Beer-Hofmann is one of the group of dramatists including Hermann Bahr, Arthur Schnitzler and the late Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the youngest of them, whose recent death under heart-rending circumstances so shocked and saddened the German-

reading world, that had broken away, in the late eighties, although not as yet entirely, perhaps, and not at once, from the naturalistic tendencies that had been pervading the art of the theatre at that time. In a pamphlet of Hermann Bahr's authorship the new movement had been characterized as " a high school for nerves in which the artist was to be equipped with, and to learn the use of, a new sensory organ and sensibilities of finest and most delicate shadings. "

Born at Rodaun in 1866, Beer-Hofmann entered the field of letters about 1894 with a volume of short stoires entitled *Die Verlassene.* After publishing his novel *Der Tod Georgs* and a series of poems of great lyric beauty, he turned, in 1904, to the drama, his first work being *The Count of Charolais*, based on the seventeenth century play, *The Fatal Dowry*, by the English dramatist Massinger. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn has been good enough to place at our disposal the manuscript of his translation of *The Count of Charolais* which he had prepared for production in America and from which has been taken the scene printed in the current issue of THIS QUARTER.

The Count of Charolais was followed by *Jacob's Dream*, forming the prelude to a trilogy *Die Historie von Konig David*, and amongst others an oratorio *Jaakob.*

MARIA MUHLGRABNER is a native of South Tyrol, having been born on the 11th October 1901 at Gries near Bozen. She is probably the most promising among contemporary younger women writers in Austria.

Her first novel *Maria Holm*, published in 1927, obtained for her the prize for the best novel of the year established by *Osterreichische Monatshefte* of Vienna. She has since completed another novel *Das Haus Larch*, as yet unpublished, which marks a great advance over her first work. Her short stories are in great demand in her own country.

K. H. WAGGERL, whose story *Tramps* we publish in the present issue, was born in 1897 at Bad Gastein, of poor parents. His father had been in turn a carpenter, Alpine guide, letter-carrier, township official, and so on. Waggerl began his bread-winning career as a lift-boy, leaving this position, with its ups and downs, to enter school only after he had succeeded in gaining the patronship of a butcher who had seen him through the first years at school.

During the war he entered the Austrian army as a private, but subsequently received an officer's commission in recognition of his bravery. The sole surviving member of his company, he was

captured by the Italians, remaining as a war prisoner for a period of fourteen months, after which he returned to his native land, a physical wreck. He then engaged in teaching, but his weakened lungs made it impossible for him to continue. On a small government pension he ekes out a precarious existence, meagerly supplemented from time to time by literary honoraria.

ARNOLD ULITZ: In the instance of this writer an apology is due to our readers. His story, *The Citadel*, should have appeared in our previous, the German, issue of THIS QUARTER, Ulitz being a German, not an Austrian, born at Breslau in 1888. The mice had been at play during the Editor's temporary absence and he begs the reader's pardon for the error. Arnold Ulitz's first novel *Ararat* appeared in 1921. It is a somewhat fantastic work, the subject matter of which is a race of men inhabiting a virgin forest in Russia. It deals with that race's threatening disintegration and subsequent renascence. Followed the novels *Barin*, *Das Testament*, treating of post-war Germany, *Barabaren*, a story of adventure in polar regions, with a sort of Eskimo-Napoleon for its hero; *Christine Munk*, and *Aufruhr der Kinder*. The last depicts the tragic life of children in an orphanage.

KATHLEEN COYLE

VAGRANCE

He entered and shut the door. She lay in the bed. There was firelight in the room and the flames swelled out upon her and the bed rose and was blown out by the firelight. His voice came to her beyond the inflation : Leave me alone! Laisse moi tranquille! It was not meant for her, but it reached her and whipped her senses into a weal of understanding. A man leaning down from a load of hay and the leash reaching her as she pressed against the thorns in the hedge.

He came towards her. She saw his eyes over the inflated-eider-down. His eyes were grey as dew-ponds and as cool. Everything went down, beaten by the rain of his eyes. The fire lay close, compact and gathered, with pointed flames like the leaves of an artichoke. She pressed the artichoke fire closer in her hands under the bedclothes — a prayer said in a shrine at darkness, ardent, and from a full heart.

There were two things : her own anguish, held still and strong in a silence deep enough to break the heart; and his, running years long, and from its inception gathering the fevered throng of its deceptions. She had asked God millions of times if a debt remained when all its dues were paid, and if it were never laid safely by the heels by what a mortal feels ? Must Life ever in its mad intent reap bitter rye from grain in wildness sown ? If she had only known! It is the greatest taunt to God who foresees all. He is very strong, God, to be able to listen and make no rebate. Perhaps he stores a harvest up so great no human soul could bear. Let us leave it

there. She had left it there so often and always with her head turned towards some day uncome. We were so young, she told God, two of us and quite young, with all our songs unsung. Perhaps they were never worth the singing.

There were sheaves, she thought, someone had brought, that had been worth the bringing.

Ruth had lain at her man's feet. It was that... the weal in her soul. It was her soul that had lain and he had not known. And she had walked past him carrying her fruit so high that he had had to reach head-high to take it. Proud, he thought her, and had to put his sword in her side. And all the while all that was white in her lay at his feet. If he had put his hands down it would have crept in for shelter and wakened as a bird from its spring voyage with music in its throat... such music, wine in the cup, and bliss; such as is never gathered from those who are named the measurers, but by those whose throes are floods, whose tears make years of splendour.

His pain had run to spite. His wound had bled in its own way.

And now it was dark night and the eiderdown had subsided under his cool eyes, his washed eyes, the grief wiped clean in them. And behind him the fire was tiny and compact and ordered and there was nothing any more to be afraid of — no leash to reach, no flames. She could turn into the ever-present day and meet his eyes directly, with the same spent emptiness in her's, finding such peace release.

And at his feet the white bird rose, took flight and went, back to some earth where sunshine bloomed above a desert, where sweetness was thrice sweet and rare and solitude had no despair. It was between two that the sword went, between two that Life was crushed — and putting out your hands availed you nothing. See! she thought, I can shut it up in secret, hold it fast. But if you opened her hands you would see the stains there

of what had driven her to prayer, the marks where doors were shut upon her.

It is quiet, he said, in the room, quiet as doom. And suddenly without any warning, in the outer darkness of the breaking morning, two people came down the street. Their steps were fleet and happy, their voices warm and clear with love. You could hear that they were young and sure and without fear, and had no need for shields. They came down the street past the window, their speech in tiny stones flung into the lake of quiet, so that you had to hold your breath and listen when the tones sprang from the water and were echoed in the reeds of your listening ears.

It is beautiful at night, she answered him. And to herself she said : we were like that once — out in the street between the dark and light, between the day and night, and caught with the same courage. And now we are safe in a room with the fire controlled and burning to its ashes. And his eyes like rain beat on, and I have grown still by habit, and mute. Is this despair or shelter ? Is it what God means when he takes the means to teach us where we are and what we are and why ? Before we come to die ?

Oh! Keep the peace you ask for, the tranquillity. I hope you've got what you wanted. I never shall. And once again she turned her head away towards that day uncome, so that his eyes could not read where she was going.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

AN AUTUMN COURTSHIP

Amos Williams had been carrying a jug of his last year's cider over to Esther Tibbetts' every Sunday night for two months or more and he thought it was about time for something to happen. Amos had been trying all summer to marry Esther, but Esther owned a good farm and a fine set of buildings and she thought she was very well off just as she was. Every Sunday night Esther seemed to be ready to say she would marry Amos, but by that time the cider was all gone and he had to go away and wait for another week to pass until he could try again.

When he went back to work at the skewer mill Monday morning the other men wanted to know if anything happened the night before. Everybody in the mill knew that Amos was trying his hardest to marry Esther before winter and cold weather came. Amos began taking Esther a jug of cider because one of the men there said that if a woman drank enough cider she would marry anybody.

"What did Esther say last night, Amos?" one of the men asked him, winking at the others. "Did she say she would get married to you?"

Amos said nothing for a few minutes. The mill was turning out candy sticks for all-day-suckers this week. There was a big stock of meat skewers on hand and a large order for candy sticks had been received over the week-end. Amos picked up a wrench and adjusted the turning machine on his bench for the candy sticks while everybody stood around waiting to hear about Esther.

"The cider gave out too quick, I guess," he said. "I thought for awhile she was going to say she would get married, but I guess there wasn't enough cider."

"What you should do, Amos," another of the men said seriously, "is to take two jugs with you next Sunday night. When I was courting my wife I couldn't do a thing with her until I began taking two jugs of cider with me when I went to see her. You should take two jugs, Amos. That will make things happen, all right."

"I'll have to do something about it," Amos said. "My cider barrel is getting low. I've only got five or six gallons left in it now. And winter is coming on, too. If Esther don't marry me pretty soon I'll have to buy some blankets."

"You take Esther two jugs next Sunday night, Amos, and if all that cider won't make something happen for you I'll give you five gallons out of my own barrel."

Amos pulled the belt on his machine and went to work turning candy sticks. He was getting uneasy now that winter was coming. He had planned to marry Esther before it began to be cold at night, so he would not have to buy any new blankets. His sister had taken all his quilts when she was married that spring and now he could not get them away from her. Esther had a lot of quilts and if he could marry her they would use hers that winter. Everything would work out just fine if Esther would only say she would marry him. He would live in Esther's house because it was a mile closer to the skewer mill than his own, and he would not have to walk as far when he went to work.

By the end of the week Amos was desperate. Since Tuesday there had been a heavy frost every night and the only bed covering he had was the old yellow quilt his sister said she would not have. It would have been a foolish waste of money to go to the store and buy two or three sets of blankets considering the fact that Esther had dozens and dozens of quilts which they would use if

she would only marry him before winter and cold weather came.

Early Sunday evening Amos filled two jugs with his last year's cider and took them with him to see Esther. When he got there he wanted Esther to begin drinking with him right away. Esther liked cider, especially when it was a year old, and they drank one jug empty before nine o'clock. Amos had not said a word the whole evening about marrying. He figured that it would be better to wait and talk about that when they started on the second jug.

Esther took a good drink from the new jug and danced a few steps before she sat down again.

"This is good cider, Esther," he said preliminarily.

Esther put her hand over her mouth and swallowed three or four times in quick succession.

"You always have good apple juice, Amos", she smiled at him.

Amos rubbed the palms of his hands nervously over his knees trying to erase the indigo stain of white birch from the skin. He liked to hear Esther praise his cider.

"The boys at the skewer mill promised to give me a whole barrel of cider when I get married," he lied shamelessly.

He glanced at Esther, hoping to find on her face an awakening to the suggestion the carefully planned story should have had on her. Esther looked blankly at the ceiling as though she did not know why Amos came to see her every Sunday night with his last year's cider. Amos poured her another glassful from the jug.

While she drank the cider Amos studied the pile of thick quilts and comforters on the foot of her bed in the next room. Seeing Esther's quilts made him more than ever determined to marry her right away. He could see no sense in his coming to her house every week and bringing her his good cider, when, if she would marry

him, he could be there every night and have all his cider for himself.

And this time when he had brought two jugs he knew he had the best opportunity of his life. If Esther drank both jugs of cider and still continued to say that she would not marry him, then there would be no use in wasting any more of his cider on her.

Esther finished the glass and gave it to Amos. He put it on the table and turned around just in time to see Esther lifting her skirt near the hem with a thumb and forefinger and carelessly throwing one leg across the other. He knew at once that the second jug was doing all it should do, because Esther had never crossed her legs so gayly during all the other times he had been bringing one jug. He poured her another glass and rubbed his birch-stained hands together enthusiastically while she was placing the glass to her lips.

"Esther, I've got more than seven thousand dollars in the savings bank," he began. That was the first thing he said each time he asked her to marry him. "My farm and buildings are worth three thousand dollars and I haven't any debts."

Esther lifted her eye-lids and looked at Amos. Her eyes were sleepy-looking, but she was wide-awake.

"I don't want to be married," she said, beginning to giggle a little for the first time. "I want to stay like I am, Amos."

This was the only time he had ever been with Esther when she had a cider-giggle. He watched her anxiously, startled by her prompt refusal.

"But cold weather..." he cried out nervously.

"What cold weather?" she asked, raising herself on her elbow and guiding herself across the room. The cider giggle was getting beyond her control.

"Blankets... blankets!" he cried desperately.

"What about blankets, Amos?" she giggled again.

"I was just thinking about blankets", he said hopelessly.

Esther went to the door and looked into her bedroom. Amos came and stood behind her.

"I haven't any blankets, Amos" she giggled, "but I've got a lot of quilts and comforters."

Amos looked hopefully over her shoulder at the pile of quilts and comforters on her bed.

"I want us to get married, Esther," he said desperately. "How would you like to marry me?"

Esther pushed Amos roughly aside and went back into the room. She was giggling so foolishly she could not speak.

Amos went to the table and poured her another glass of cider. While she drank it he glanced at the almost empty jug, realizing that he would have to hurry Esther if he was to get her consent before all the cider was gone.

When she handed him the empty glass Amos put it on the table and caught her hands before she could jerk away from him. Then holding her arms so she could not push him away he kissed her. He knew that she would try to push him away when he did that, so he put his arms around her and held her while he could talk to her about marrying him.

"I want that you should marry me, Esther," he struggled desperately with her strength, "because if you don't I'll have to buy some blankets for the winter."

Esther pushed and scratched, but Amos held her all the tighter. He could see that she was mad, but at the same time she could not keep from giggling just as sillily as ever. Amos poured out the last glass of cider for her while he held her with one hand.

Still holding her with one hand he tried to force the cider into her mouth. Suddenly she shoved Amos with all her might and both of them fell on the floor. Amos was not hurt, but Esther struck her knee on a chair and

cut a deep gash in her leg. The blood ran through her stocking and dripped on the floor beside them.

"Esther, I want that you should marry me right away, before..." he began again.

Before he could say another word Esther had grabbed the nearest cider jug and hit him over the head with it. The blow was glancing, and the jug only stunned him for a moment. She had swung the jug so hard, though, that it was jerked from her fingers and crashed against the cast-iron stove. She immediately reached for the second jug, but Amos was too quick for her. He ran to the door and out into the yard before she could throw it at him. When he got to the road she had reached the door, and with all her strength she hurled the stone jug at Amos. Amos dodged out of the way and ran down the road toward his house.

When he got home there was nothing to do but drink some cider and go to bed. He was so angry about the way things turned out that he drank almost three times as much cider as he usually did when he went down into his cellar.

By the time Amos started to the skewer mill the next morning he was resigned to his inability to marry Esther. His only regrets now were that he had wasted all his last year's cider on her and would have to buy two or three sets of blankets after all.

When he got to the mill a stranger was standing in the doorway. The man made no effort to move when Amos tried to enter.

"Your name is Amos Williams, isn't it?" he asked.

"Amos Williams it's been since I can remember," Amos said sourly, trying to get into the mill.

"Well, you will have to come along with me to the county jail," he said holding out a folded paper.

"What for?" Amos demanded.

"The paper says: 'Assault on the person of Esther Tibbetts.'"

The man who had promised Amos five gallons of cider the week before, when he suggested that Amos take Esther two jugs, came up the road to the mill door. He asked Amos what the trouble was and Amos told him.

"You got me into all this trouble," Amos swore at him. "You said two jugs would make her marry me, and now she's had me arrested for assault."

"Well, it's too bad you've got to go to jail and lose all that time here at the mill, Amos, but it was all your own fault."

"How was it my fault?"

"It's like this, Amos. There are three kinds of women. There are one-jug, two-jug, and three-jug women. You should have told me Esther was a three-jug woman at the start. If you had done that I could have told you to take her three jugs of cider instead of only two."

Amos got in the atuomobile and sat down beside the deputy. When they had gone several miles Amos asked him if he knew where two or three sets of blankets could be bought cheap.

E. E. CUMMINGS

TWO POEMS

come a little further—why be afraid—
here's the earliest star (have you a wish?)
touch me,
before we perish
(believe that not anything which has ever been
invented can spoil this or this instant)
kiss me a little :
the air
darkens and is alive
o live with me in the fewness of
these colours;
alone who slightly
always are beyond the reach of death

and the English

if there are heavens my mother will (all by herself) have
one. It will not be a pansy heaven nor
a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be (deep like a rose
tall like a rose)

standing near my

swaving over her
(silent)

with eyes which are really petals and see
nothing with the face of a poet really which
is a flower and not a face with
hands
which whisper
This is my beloved my

(suddenly in sunlight
he will bow,
& the whole garden will bow)

ALLEN TATE

AN EXEGESIS ON DR. SWIFT

> *" Now is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its riſe which had ſo long ſet the nations at a gaze, what ſecret wheel, what hidden ſpring could put into motion ſo wonderful an engine? It was afterwards diſcovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an abſent female, whoſe eyes had raiſed a protuberancy, and before emiſſion ſhe was removed into an enemy's country. What ſhould an unhappy prince do in ſuch tickliſh circumſtances as theſe? he tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of* corpora quaeque... *Having to no purpose uſed all peaceable endeavors, the collected parts of the* semen, *raiſed and inflamed, became aduſt, converted to choler, turned, head upon the ſpinal duct, and aſcended to the brain : the very ſame principle, that influences a* bully *to break the windows of a whore, who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raiſe mighty armies, and dream of nothing but ſieges, battles, and victories."*

Now the reader is exceeding curious to learn where so singularly a modern passage is to be found in an author whose style betrays the eighteenth century. Without any ado I may say that it is in Section IX of " A Tale of a Tub, " that section being the famous digression from the adventures of Peter, Martin and Jack, which were

once so amusing, into a discourse on the " improvement of madness in a commonwealth, " a subject which, as we know now, is worth all the merits and vices of all the religions put together. The edition of the work that I quote from is dated London, 1766; my quotation is on page 95, vol. 1, where the editor, Mr. John Hawkesworth, informs us by footnote that the gentleman whose protuberancy upset the nations " was Harry the Great of France. " His identity is, of course, irrelevant, only that it saves me the labor and the reader the tedium of going over in detail the amazing results of the king's *suppressed desire*. Everyone knows, as a horrid example to our free institutions, the extraordinary career of Henri Quatre who, quite lost to the domestic virtues, could do no better than wish his children a common fowl in the pot of a Sunday.

I must hasten to explain at the outset that Dr. Swift evidently believed all great affairs of state, all conquests and religious reforms, systems of philosophy; in short, all the shining glories of human genius that credulous men used to wonder at, are mere symptoms of madness and are caused by the failure of some men to run smoothly in the " *common forms*, " as the Dean pointedly says. For the lower *vapours* ascend to the brain, and in disguise do all manner of mischief on the pretence of doing great deeds of human good.

Dr. Swift's explanation of Harry's trouble seems to us unexceptionable because it has all the sanction of a whole race of philosophers since his time. The Great Henry was a misfit in his society, in spite of being the head of it, so what should he do but compensate for his failure to run smoothly in the common forms but try to make new forms, bluffing his subjects into thinking the new better than the old, and better for them? We have here in Dr. Swift's analysis of the actions of a great prince, a wonderful anticipation of the modern science of psychoanalysis, as this is understood by everybody but the man

who invented it, and we are all astonishment that so ignorant a century as the benighted eighteenth, which stood in awe of ancient learning, came up a moment, so to speak, for air, and permitted the fanciful pen of the Dean of St. Paul's who himself was mad, and ran but poorly in the common forms, to strike out in one of those bold truths that are among us the property and comfort of every reader of the Nashville *Tennessean*, *This Quarter*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the New York *Times*.

But to return to the king's protuberancy: though it could have been nothing extraordinary. All are alike, that is scientifically speaking: for all proceed from the same flaw in our nature, to the same ends. Now the only notable features of the king's story are the absenting of the female (who in our more auspicious time is always present) and the failure of that remedy which the Dean modestly calls *corpora quaeque*. In fact, the disease with all its public calamities was caused by the king's curious delusion that only this particular one would do. Dr. Swift, as anybody can see, believed the delusion to be ridiculous, and we read between the lines the opinion that the upheaval of France in those times would have been spared by the exercise of a little modern science — by, in brief, or perhaps not so briefly after all — by the falling back of the king on to the *common form*, which in his case was the common woman, or the woman in common, who is woman-in-general mercifully if paradoxically provided by nature for the relief of the aforesaid natural flaw. It was absurd of the king to feel any preference for the absent woman, and to remain irreconcilable in his choice. The king lacked the Dean's insight into modern science; he failed to see that his malady was not the loss of any particular lady; and he never had sense enough to understand that he had a mere general case of repression, that might have been released, not by forming a secondary preference which is the same delusion in lower degree, but in the wise modern fashion, therapeutically on *corpora*

quaeque. It is the peculiar glory of our time to have discovered that men do not have particular desires, made up of special qualities of sense that seize the long-slain chimera *imagination*, but only a certain quantity of passions that we may conveniently let off like so much steam.

For in the case of our male concupiscence, it requires only an abstract Female Organ, just as the steam pent up in a boiler requires a pipe, any old pipe so it be of the right size, to let the vapours through. The "collected part" of the steam, not having any orifice to get through owing to the boiler's conceit that this steam was meant to run only one engine in the world, became "raised and inflamed", and exploded as the history of Harry the Great.

It is proper to remark here the Dean's ingenuity in finding out, however dimly, the great truth of modern life, that everything is common. He did not do, of course, what we have no right to expect of a simple man, who fooled away his time at theology and the ancients — he did not show us all the inferences imbedded in the miraculous but incomplete vision that he had, there being no psychological science at that time with systematic terms to set all the vision forth. Most of it was choked in his head for not being aired by the proper words. It is a source of pride to me as a convinced modern that I know better than Dr. Swift what he was talking about, and I can look back on the quaint words used, those vapours and humours, with some astonishment that men living a bare two centuries ago could know so little, and that genius like the Dean's could be stifled, like that of Henry James and Mark Twain, by so pervasive an ignorance.

That all things are common is a truth so self-evident that I may be excused from arguing it : besides I suspect that most readers know the terms of the argument better than I do. But I beg leave to defend the truth with some *sidelong shots* at its detractors, who, though they are rather

uncommon nowadays, have even presumed out of a wilful aversion to knowledge and a sense of being *misfits* in a commonwealth that this truth binds with hoops of steel, — I say they have had the very gall to pretend that Dr. Swift did not have prescience of the modern truth when he set forth the causes of King Henry's greatness; which was naught but a pruriency.

The sceptics are so doting as to believe him to have been really great, and to believe the Dean thought him so too. They argue that Dr. Swift was writing a "satyre" on the general follies of mankind, without going so far as to impugn the quality of any individual man; whereas we know that mankind in the lump has no faults, but rather is the individual weak in not being able to live up to mankind in general, which is common man. And the best they can do to support their sophistry is to distort, as the present writer and other critics of the HUMANISTS have done, a quotation from Swift himself, who would seem to give the color of authority to their argument; the quotation being that " satyr, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offense by any." They say the Dean never believed the protuberancy to have caused the trouble, but pretended he did in order ironically to assert such a belief to be held by common men, who are the *vulgus*, the herd, the masses old or new, or the natural man. They even say that he hoped to make the common view of greatness, which we know the real virtue of, ridiculous, by a mock acceptance of it as his own.

There are several grave considerations that render preposterous the view held by the sceptical misfits; yet I offer them not for their novelty. but to put them down for reference. I take the most difficult, first because some metaphysical refinement of definition is required for it, and that is a pest to be rid of in a hurry. Now *even granting* that the sceptics are right in believing the Dean merely tweaked the nose of common opinion, still it is a commonplace of history that truth comes unbeckoned and

often, as it were, by accident : *the Dean of St. Paul's thought better than he knew.* The Dean's intention was the mere irrelevant mode of truth, not the substance — a profound distinction. Moreover — and this completely routs the sceptic on this point — the history of society since 1700 (or 1697?) has vindicated, validated, and, of late, syndicated as seriously true what Dr. Swift possibly wrote of Henri Quatre in bitter jest. And this, as the wise William James, wiser than his brother Henry, said, makes truth true.

The second argument to refute the misfits will, of course, meet opposition only from the men of that kidney themselves : it leaves them out as a minority — those dissidents justly contemptible to the modern mind. It is, that the consensus of men has taken in the last few generations a species of popular vote on Truth, and discovered it to be what the majority believe; or rather, for convenience, it was decided beforehand that what the majority believed would be truth. We can only pause here briefly, to wonder at the stupidity of past ages in not devising this simple, infallible and irrefutable method of ascertaining what is true; so much better and more conclusive than the devious way of *thinking out* the truth, practised in the past; and having as the final sanction the maxim that figures, mainly a majority of figures, cannot lie.

We have arrived at the third and overwhelming refutation. What we know to be true — that everything is common — has always been held by most men, and it is owing to the wicked tyranny of rulers and priests, along with their legion of Belial who call themselves gentlemen and philosophers, that this truth in the past was robbed of its impressive vindication by vote, and kept in a mean and clownish condition. We have learned what a social parasite and cancer the class of philosophers were, for we hear automobile salesmen, bond dealers (I believe they are called), steel manufacturers, bankers, communists, managers of rubber factories, stock brokers, and the

indispensable workers who thrive on shaking hands with these, pronounce not only on the meaning of Aristotle better than Avicenna or Aquinas, but rightly go on to dispense with him utterly, giving the new truth in common terms, as they see it; for they are prepared to exhibit the truths that *work out*. They have forever exposed the sham distinction of the sceptics, who look to the *past*, as the compensatory snobbery of misfits. They have forever exposed the evil dogma of the philosophers that traders such as they are, dealing in money only (the archetype of the figures that do not lie), or passing through their own hands the produce garnered by others, are cancers and parasites. It is evident that the philosophers historically called the traders blood-suckers, in order to give the odor of virtue to their own thirst for power.

And here I cannot commend too highly the modern temperance in social affairs. Instead of violently and after the manner of ancient statesmen putting the heirs of the philosophers to death, or breaking them as a class, as Henry VIII did the monks, the Business Body, or *corpus negotii*, as government is now called, permits them to go on talking and writing, since no one pays them any mind. They are laughed at as parasites, but with kindness because they are harmless; and if they eat and occupy space, the drain on the public is small, because they eat little like the poor whites in the South, who were said to eat Hagerstoun clay, and usually bring up a large family in two rooms. And thus they hang themselves, as it were, by getting more trivial every day, and counting for less, not being worth killing; so that they are as innocent as the vast museum collections in great cities, that people stare at occasionally whether at a saurian's tooth or the Magna Carta, as at some memento of ancient folly.

The reader will complain — it is my farthest wish to offend the reader — that I have not made clear beyond doubt what I mean by saying that Dr. Swift foretold our belief that all is common : I have shown, I hope, that this

truth came of a popular vote, but I have not yet said fully what it is. Nor shall I tell. If the reader complain, I will rejoin that the modern truth is better known than acknowledged, and too much definition is a sign of madness.

For a second glance at the Dean's remarks on Harry will yield up the gist of the matter. It is that " the very same principle that influences the *bully* to break the windows of a whore, who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies. " Not to clutter an exegesis with too much quotation, I may say for the Dean that it also stirs up a philosopher to invent a system, or a poet to write an epic : the Dean expressly mentions a little further on Monsieur Des Cartes — whoever he was — but if it were a protuberancy, in his case, or a jilt, or both, it is not explained. Now the identity of the bully with the prince, the philosophers and the poet, is the great modern truth, which has been held by the bully, repressed, unarticulated, and made clownish, for many ages up to now.

There is a single flaw in the general acceptance that the truth has received, but it is, I hasten to add, due strictly to a flaw in our nature, now rapidly being overcome, rather than to any fault of this high truth itself. As was to be expected in a period of transition from a dark age to an age of enlightenment, people still held on to some of the outward shows that went with the delusion of the uncommon. For example, when the bully understood that his truth prevailed, authorizing him to lead society, he foolishly tried to join his truth up with the superficial cast of a gentleman, or the mode of an exploded pseudo-truth. This was the painful experience of men in the recent past, like Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Frick, or the interesting person who stole the Erie railroad, and cried: " Nothing is lost, save honor, " meaning that he had the hat, stick, gloves and carriage, and the large collection of paintings, of a gentleman without the outmoded honor.

It was only this mistake of retaining superficies, as if Blackbeard had walked his quarter-deck in a bishop's mitre, that gave the transition man a hue of knavery; he did one thing supposing he was doing another. There are hopeful signs, however, of which the career of Mr. Capone is the brightest, that the bully (quaint word!) has found the mode proper to his essence, unlike Mr. Frick and Dr. Swift, and will no longer try to pretend that he is something else, that is discredited by all men. In future his conduct will be unalloyed, and virtuous — which is to say, common. The problem that vexed the Dean — what to do with madness, or uncommonness, in a *common*-wealth is solved. For we know that "Paradise Lost" is a failure in the common form, the author perhaps, never finding the right wife, being blind, as if in that condition any woman wouldn't do.

V. F. CALVERTON

BLACK PROPHECIES

Mrs. Allen had just discharged her maid an hour before. The house was in frightful confusion. Mrs. Allen was always so helpless without a maid. There was an unexpected ring of the bell, and the sound of a voice at the door. The person seemed afraid her ring would not be answered. She rang again nervously, three times in succession.

"How did you know I needed a maid?"

Janette Homan smiled at Mrs. Allen's words.

"I was told you did," she said.

"Told?" Who could have told you? I only discharged my maid an hour ago?"

"I know," Janette said.

"Oh you mean you knew my maid? Well if you're like her, I don't want you in my house."

"No, I never saw her."

"Then how did you know I was looking for help?"

"I knew", was all Janette would say.

"Knew! But how?" Mrs. Allen was insistent.

"I had a message." Janette would say.

"From whom?"

"I'd rather not tell you now. I will later. Do you mind if I bring my bag in now? It's awfully hot standing here in the sun."

And before Mrs. Allen could say another word, or recover from her amazement at the way in which the other had seized control of the situation, Janette had deposited her bag in the hallway, and taken off her hat and coat.

At last Mrs. Allen was able to recover her speech.

" Why you don't even know what I pay. "

" It doesn't matter, " Janette said, " we can agree upon that later. "

Almost dubious of what had happeened, Mrs. Allen, nevertheless, led Janette up to the maid's room, apologized for its chaos, and assured her that her work would be light and easy, except on Sundays when she would have to cook two meals instead of one.

" I'm sorry I can't do that, " Janette said quietly, " I have to preach on Sunday afternoons and evenings. "

" Preach ? " Mrs. Allen was nettled. " I can't get along on Sundays if I don't have a maid for at least two meals. Why my whole family is here then. "

" Oh you'll get along all right. I'll help you all I can. I'll stay for the first meal anyway. "

" No, that will never do, " Mrs. Allen exclaimed, "the first meal's the lightest. "

" Well, let's wait till Sunday comes and not argue about it until then. "

And when Sunday came, without raising her voice, Janette made Mrs. Allen violate her whole family schedule, a schedule which she had observed for fifteen years, and shift her heavy meal to the middle of the day.

In less than a month, Janette had taken entire charge of the house without Mrs. Allen realizing that she had lost her power. Whatever Janette wanted to do was done. If Mrs. Allen protested, Janette would persuade her that she ought to save herself from such worries, and busy herself with more important matters about the house. This always flattered Mrs. Allen, and so Janette won complete control over the household in less than a month.

Hart Allen did not get to know Janette very well until she had been with the family several months. Hart was twelve years old at the time, and it was hard for his impressionable mind to reconcile itself to the extraordinary blackness of Janette's skin. The former maid had been a mulatto and he had never found any difficulty in feeling

close to her. Hart liked to be close to the maids, for his mother, with her many interests, had never been anything more than a living statue to him. His brothers and sisters were all in their twenties, and none of them lived at home any longer or took any particular interest in him even when they came to visit. Aside from his friends in school, the house maid had always been his most intimate companion.

Hart first came to like Janette when one day he gathered up enough courage to rub his finger against her skin to see if any of the black would come off. Janette's smile at the time was so assuring that he asked her if she could not make his skin as black as hers. From that time on the two were inseparable in the house.

The first thing about Janette which came to annoy Mrs. Allen was her weird habit of alternately reading and praying every afternoon about three o'clock. At such times she would never allow herself to be interrupted by question or summons. One afternoon Mrs. Allen, in a termagant mood, seated herself in the kitchen, determined to interrupt the performance. At first she thought her presence alone would make Janette hesitate to begin. At three o'clock, however, she was disappointed. Janette began as usual, reading a chapter from the Psalms, and then proceeded to carry on a fiery monologue with herself, entirely oblivious of all else in the room. Little Hart stood on the threshold of the adjoining room, entranced by the spectacle. He dared not let his mother know that he was there, for fear that she would lock him up in the attic for the rest of the day. At moments, in her frenzy, Janette's eyes would roll and suddenly become a startling-white. The third time this happened, Mrs. Allen sprang up from her chair half in fright and half in fury.

"Are you mad," she screamed, taking on something of Janette's hysteria.

Without answering her question, or even giving any indication that she had heard it, Janette got up from her

chair at the table, and began walking up and down the room, chanting in a delirious monotone :

" God is a woman. God is a woman. It must be so. It must be so. "

Although he scarcely understood the meaning of her words, Hart sympathized with Janette and hated his mother for trying to interrupt her. Janette was like a character in a fairy tale to him, standing before the door, as she often did, living embodiment of a silhouette. Her long black dress, immaculately clean to the point of shininess, made her look even taller than she was—fantastically tall, like an elongated shadow. And now as she walked up and down in the kitchen, heedless of his mother's exclamation, she became more and more like some person he had read about than a woman that he could speak to and touch.

" If you don't stop droning out such nonsense, you'll have to leave my house at once, do you hear ? "

" All dressed in white, all dressed in white, she sits upon her throne. Night after night she sits and sits and suffers for what we've done, for what we've done in sin and shame. "

Hart wanted to repeat the words after her, they were so sweet to hear. He did not know what they meant, but liked so much their sound and rhythm. At moments he caught himself as he often did in church as the priest recited the litany.

" All right, then, " Mrs. Allen shouted, as she turned to leave the room, " you can pack your things and leave tonight. I'll put an ad in the paper tomorrow for another girl. And I'll get a sane one this time, you can rest assured of that. "

Hart ran into the hall before his mother left the kitchen, and hiding himself beneath the sofa, he began to pray, with tears in his eyes, that God would not let Janette leave them.

At four o'clock Janette closed her book, and went about

her work as if nothing had happened. She did not give a single thought to Mrs. Allen's words. She knew that she already managed things so well in the house, and was so superior to any maid Mrs. Allen had ever had before, or could ever get in the future, that the very idea of her being discharged was absurd. Besides she knew that she could not leave this house until the message came.

Janette was with the Allens for over a year before Hart mustered up the courage to ask her to tell him more about what she believed. Mrs. Allen had long given up the idea of ever curing Janette of her eccentricities, and had come to look upon her afternoon services in the kitchen as a regular part of the house routine that could no more be dispensed with than the evening meal. She viewed the whole performance, it is true, as well as she did Janette at such moments, as a form of insanity, but Janette's efficiency in culinary matters was so rare that she could consider the entire thing as trivial. Besides, there was no way of answering Janette when she got into one of her argumentative moods, and began to defy all reason by her endless quotations from the Bible.

"Niggers are half crazy anyway," she would remark to her neighbours, when they asked her if Janette still continued her prayers every afternoon.

But it was just this craziness that Hart came to cherish. He gave up his games, deserted his friends, and began reading the Bible and going to church in order to find out more about this God that Janette claimed had been made in the white man's image, and was not the true God at all.

"How do you know that the real God is a woman, Janette?"

And then Janette would tell him for the hundredth time the story of her soul's pilgrimage through the higher spaces of the earth, to the very throne of God Herself. Hart would ask the question again and again, as one would replay an exquisite piece of music, for he never tired of hearing the story, so different did it become each time

that she told it. Always God was there, and always she was a Woman, but what surrounded Her, — the apocalyptical vision—varied each time Janette retold the experience.

" It was over three years ago, Hart, when I first saw God. Ever since that time God has been with me every hour, although I can only see Her when I pray. Then she comes upon me like the sound of strange voices at dusk. She is neither black nor white, Hart. Her face is radiant with many colors. She never speaks at all. She only sits and looks, and in her eyes, written plain as daylight, are all the words of the universe, in every language, and of every people. "

" Is her face like yours, Janette ? or mamma's ? "

" No, Hart, her face is like no one woman's face. In her face are the faces of all women, for she is the mother of the whole world. "

" Did you see Her yesterday when you prayed, Janette ? "

" Yes, she was like a diamond yesterday when I saw Her. Everything about her sparkled as if it was on fire. A holy fire, Hart, such as we humans have never seen. I almost screamed at the sight of it, but the words in her eyes spoke to me, and quieted my spirit. "

" Does she talk to you, Janette ? "

" Yes, often, but only through her eyes. Her lips glow with rubies and sapphires, but they never open. "

" She tells me what I must do to be in her favor. She sends me messages that I must carry out and obey. She sent me the message to come here, Hart, to you and your mother. "

Hart put his little fingers in between Janette's and squeezed them tight against her palm.

" Was that the first message she sent you ? "

" Oh, dear, no. The first message I ever got was way back, ten years ago, when I was going to college in Washington. It was the strangest thing, Hart, I was studying

to be a teacher. I knew nothing of God, then, or of myself. All I was interested in were the things of this world. I used to dance and run around with boys every night. The only subject I ever studied was poetry. I had a wonderful teacher then, Mr. Wolcott his name was. He was supposed to teach us rhetoric, but all he did every day was read poetry to us and make us memorize it. The funny thing was he never made us recite it, until after a while I was the only girl in the class who memorized it. I used to have visions even then, Hart. I would see mountains coming down upon me all alit with torches that burned from every peak, and rivers that rushed at me like golden tongues of flame. Mr. Wolcott always gave me an "A"—you don't know what that is do you? That's the highest grade you can get. Now, do you understand? Well, I used to get an "A" every time I described my visions in a composition. Mr. Wolcott would look at me then and say what a strange imagination I had. He wanted me to be a poet, and maybe I would have been if I hadn't come to see God Herself."

"But you haven't told me how you saw Her, Janette."

Hart was impatient to know about God. He could not follow all that Janette said, but he got a great comfort out of her voice and her closeness with things that only adults were supposed to understand. Janette, on the other hand, except for moments when she remembered that her audience was Hart, spoke on as if to herself, unaware at times that anyone was with her at all.

"I saw God for the first time as a result of a great sin. A sin, Hart, you must never commit. We were all out on a wild, wicked party, six of us, three fellows and three girls. We had been away all night and were returning in the morning, drunk as fools, singing shouting and everything, when suddenly, just like a bolt of lightning out of a clean sky, our auto ran right into a huge truck at the curve of a road. Oh what a horrible crash it was. We were all pitched out on the road, the car was over-

turned, and Jack, who was my sweetheart, was killed at the wheel. It was just then, Hart, when I learned he was dead, that I had my first vision. The sky sort of opened like a huge eye, and a long hand stretched across it, moving up and down as if it was the pendulum of a clock."

Hart drew back from Janette in fear.

"What did you see then," he asked in a frightened voice.

"Then I saw God, Hart, as clear as I see you now. God sat there in the midst of that sky just as if there were no sky at all. I screamed and threw myself on my knees before Her. My friends tried to quiet me, but I kept on screaming. They all thought I was screaming because John had been killed, while all the time I was screaming because I saw God. "God" I cried "dear God I shall be your slave till I die." "She's gone daffy" they said, but I didn't mind their words. I was truly happy for the first time in my life."

"Do you often see Her now, your God," Hart asked timidly.

"My God," Janette said sharply. "She's not my God, Hart. She's everyone's God. Of course, I see Her often. I told you that before. Why do you forget so quickly? I see Her every day."

But Hart was sure that he could never understand how Janette could see God every day, while he could never see Her at any time, no matter how hard he prayed or strained his eyes in the dark. As he grew older he began very much to doubt whether Janette really saw God in her trances, and when a church-brother told him that all Janette said was false, he spent less and less time with her in the kitchen.

If Janette had not gotten her second message, Hart most likely would have seen little more of her at all. Her second message, however, made him her convert. He had read of the miracles in the Bible, but he had never

been able to make his childish mind believe in them. It was Janette who first made him realize that miracles were not the same as fairy-tales, and that they happened as often today as in the times of ancient record.

Janette's second message came after she had been with the Allens several years. Hart was already in high school and had come to look upon Janette's habits as belonging to the meaningless and stupid extravagances of her race. Mrs. Allen, grateful that she at last had found a maid who could be trusted in every detail, scarcely gave a thought to Janette's peculiarities, except when at moments she happened to hear her servant's voice rise to points of incontrollable hysteria in the midst of her afternoon seances with the higher powers. It was seldom that she heard her outbursts, for not long after her emotional bout with Janette in the kitchen she had developed the habit of visiting her numerous friends between the hours of three and six in the afternoon.

So little attention in fact did she give to Janette's religiosities that even when the latter came to her with a message of disastrous import, she responded with nothing more than a silly laugh. Hart was in the room at the time, and even though he was no longer close to Janette, he hated his mother for that laugh.

" So you say two people are going to die in my family, tomorrow. Well, I've never heard anything funnier. "

" Please, Mrs. Allen, don't speak so lightly of it. I didn't want to tell you about it, but I thought it was better to prepare you for it than to have you face it unwarned. "

" Did you tell me once you were a college graduate ? "

" Yes, I graduated from Howard University over ten years ago. "

" I guess that's why you don't talk like a nigger. Oh, excuse me, I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but it's truth anyway isn't it ? Well, Janette, how you can be a college graduate and believe in such stuff is beyond me. "

" Well, I wouldn't be so sure, ma, " Hart interrupted,

" there's a lot of things in the world that college don't teach. "

Janette smiled at Hart sweetly.

" Oh Mrs. Allen, this has nothing to do with college or anything else. This is God's Holy word. God sent me this message last night, and it took me all this time to get up the courage to tell you, I begged God not to let it happen, I prayed for hours to save you from it, but it was no use. God's plans cannot be changed by human hands.

" All I saw was a figure in glistening white. It stood there before my eyes like a serpent about to leap, then it faded away, but a moment later it returned. It did that several times. The last time it spun around over two coffins and then I understood its meaning. Two people were to die. Still I did not know who. They might have been in my family. Then I asked God, and she told me. I fainted when I heard the words. Dear God, I cried, save Mrs. Allen from all this, but there was no reply, and I knew God would not have it otherwise. "

" But what two ? What two ? " Mrs. Allen insisted, losing control of her emotions for a moment.

" I don't know, Mrs. Allen. God wouldn't tell me. "

Then Mrs. Allen laughed again, and told Janette to go.

" If you come to me with any more such yarns, Janette, I'm going to have you examined by an alienist, do you hear ? "

Janette left the room without another word. There were tears in her eyes when she passed Hart, and the boy wanted to put his arms around her and tell her how ashamed he was of his mother's rudeness and brutality, but he did not have the courage to do it in the presence of his parent.

The next day, when Mrs. Allen's sister died, and she got a wire from California that her brother had suddenly died from a heart attack, Janette was not to be found.

The household was in a terror of confusion. Mrs. Allen blamed Janette for the evil that had befallen the family, but Mr. Allen told his wife not to mention the matter to others, because they would only laugh at her.

"It was merely a coincidence, that's all," he said, and Mrs. Allen although not convinced, agreed nevertheless not to discuss Janette's prophecy with her friends and neighbors. It was a difficult promise, but she kept it because she was one of those few women who still believed that her husband was always right in his advice.

When Janette returned the next day, Mrs. Allen could not get over her servant's look of surprise at what had occurred. Janette went about the house like a dark shadow that was unaffected by any thing that surrounded it. It was not until Mrs. Allen herself, dismayed to the point of exasperation at Janette's refusal to speak about the tragic truth of her prophecy, threatened to discharge her unless she explained what she knew about the death, that Janette revealed the least concern over what had happened.

"It came true, do you know that?" Mrs. Allen's voice was harsh.

"Yes, I knew it would."

The certainty, the impudent certainty, as Mrs. Allen described it, of Janette's manner, only aggravated the conflict between them.

"Well, you can leave here at the end of the week. I'll have none of your crazy kind working in my house any more."

Janette agreed to leave, and had it not been for Mr. Allen's intercession on her behalf, pointing out to his wife again that the whole prophecy was a mere freak of coincidence, she would have left the household before the end of the week. The more her husband repeated that logic, however, the more Mrs. Allen was convinced that it was herself that was being absurd by taking Janette's prophecy with such infuriated seriousness.

And so it was arranged that Janette was to stay, but that henceforth, no matter what messages she got, she was not to communicate them to the household.

Unlike his mother and father, Hart was convinced, after the reality of these deaths, that Janette was in touch with the true God. He still could not quite believe that God was a woman, but he no longer had any doubts but that God sent messages to humans, and that Janette was one of these humans who was thus favored. Very soon, therefore, he began to renew his old intimacy with her, and by the time he was ready to go to college he had already had several visions which vouchsafed his belief in Janette's powers. Before he made a decision, he would always get down upon his knees and pray for a vision. Following Janette's counsel, he kneeled thus sometimes for hours, denying himself food and sleep, in his anxiety for the higher wisdom.

At college, he continued these vigils in even more intense fashion. They began to take on a form of consecrations. Janette wrote to him every week, and his mind came to depend almost as much upon her letters as his body upon food. When occasionally her letter was delayed for a day or two, he would fall into a state of nervous torment. This dependence upon Janette undoubtedly would have turned into a mania if it had not been for the fulfilment of her next message.

When Hart was at the end of his senior year at college, he suddenly got a wire from his mother, requesting him to come home at once because his father had just died of an apoplectic stroke. Once home, he found that Janette had left the house the day before, leaving a note for Mrs. Allen in which Mr. Allen's death was predicted on the next day, and stating that she felt she had better leave the household before this tragedy occurred. Hart read over her note in terror. Not a line, not even a phrase, was there in it that revealed doubt as to the fulfilment of her prediction. She was as sure of it as of sunrise. For

several hours Hart lived in a stupor as a result of this uncanny set of circumstances.

It was from that moment on that he came to fear Janette. His relationship with her before had been one of open affection. Now it was inspired by fear. Not that he came to doubt the nature of her powers. On the contrary, the very fact of his father's death, coming as it did, paralleling her prophecy, only strengthened his belief in her religious insights and intuitions.

Indeed, it was because of this faith, that he fought his mother's attempts to have Janette confined to a madhouse. Even at the mock-examination that was framed in order to prove that Janette was insane, Hart testified to her higher sanity and denied his mother's right, or even that of the State, to incarcerate such a holy woman. It was only when the doctors threatened to examine him, and after his mother's sickening protests had wearied him beyond endurance, that he finally agreed to keep silent.

Once Janette was confined to the asylum, Hart started his correspondence with her again in an even more ardent vein. He was convinced that his mother, and the doctors, had imprisoned a sacred soul. Never had he hated his mother so much as in those days when everything she said was concerned with constant condemnations of Janette. In turn his mother, in her excited grief over her husband's death, came to hate everything associated with Janette, including her son because of his defense of her servant. For several years afterward, mother and son never wrote each other, except about the official matters of the family, and even when, a little later, they added occasionally a term of endearment it was more as a matter of form than of affection.

Hart spent three years trying to discover the secret of Janette's occult powers. At first he visited her frequently at the asylum, but not being able to endure the sight of her imploring face, he carried on the rest of his contact through

correspondence. At nights he would often sit alone and re-read and ponder over her words.

"It's like a wireless, Hart, a heavenly wireless that stretches out from my eyes and brain to those of God. It's something you can feel but can't see. It's like the sound of words coming over the air—you can hear the words but you can't see them, and yet somehow you know that if you had another sense you could see them too. That's it, Hart, you've got to learn to see sound. That's where my strength comes from I can see sound. God Herself to me is like a sound that has no end; it just stretches out and out until all the earth seems to become a whirl of music. You can learn, Hart. Get on your knees at night, and stay there hours, humming low all the time, and praying to God to give you new sight. If you believe, you will get it. Then you will see God Herself; then you will know everything and the mystery of the world will become as nothing to you."

He knew her words backwards, and forwards, and zigzagwards—but never did they bring him any closer to what he sought to find. Even the psychiatric examination of Janette by a friend of his revealed nothing of value. All that his friend reported was that her senses were more acute to stimuli than those of other people, that she suffered from delusions of grandeur, and experienced fresh hallucinations almost every hour. And the fact that his friend explained all of Janette's predictions as mere guess-work—the coincidence of his father—vexed Hart to the point of despair.

It was only his falling in love with Margaret Dewey that freed his mind somewhat of the everlasting presence of Janette. Love came to him as an escape from fear. For all his affection and admiration for Janette, he had never been able to get over the fear which she had inspired in him in those days that followed his father's death. It is true that he continued to hate his mother for having had Janette confined for things of which she was inno-

cent—could Janette help it that she had clairvoyant powers, that she could see the future while others could see only the present—and yet he could not but be conscious of a fear that he could not rid himself of even when he tried to focus his mind upon things far removed from Janette.

As he became more and more in love with Margaret, however, this fear lost something of its intensity. He did not forget Janette; that was impossible. But as he thought more of Margaret, and at length as his mind became consumed by this new passion, he began to think of Janette in a calmer and less terrifying way. When he talked to Margaret about Janette, and when she in turn did not laugh at what he said, but merely tried to show him that, despite all that had happened there was nothing to fear, — especially at such moments did he feel anew mystery over himself.

Nevertheless, he was afraid to inform Janette of his forthcoming marriage, and in letter after letter he mentioned a hundred other things but never the name of Margaret. Once he thought he would send her a picture of Margaret, hoping that such a gesture would explain what he planned to do. The slight, fragile face would touch her; the open frank eyes would move her. But he could never get up enough courage to send it. Not until the day before his marriage did he decide that Janette must know, and acting upon a sudden resolution, he set off for the asylum.

Janette revealed no surprise at Hart's confession. In truth, it was Hart who was surprised when Janette told him that she knew of his marriage several months before.

"But how could you have known, Janette?"

"I had a message, Hart."

Always those messages! Was there nothing that did not reach her through some kind of message? But Hart was glad at least that she was not displeased. at the pros-

pect of his marriage, although the tears in her eyes at the time that he left told him that she was far from happy at the realization. Perhaps she thought that marriage would make him forget her. He could allay her fears quickly on that score. No marriage needed to exclude such an intimate friendship.

No period in Hart's life passed as swiftly and as happily as the first two years of his married life. The baby which was born at the end of the first year immediately became his idol. For a time Margaret was jealous of his affection for the child. After a while though she got over this feeling, and the three grew closer and closer together, each dependent upon the other for his strength. At moments Hart became so absorbed in his new life that he even forgot to write to Janette. Always, however, she was there, a dark figure, shiningly erect, stirring like an ever present shadow in the interstices of his imagination.

Through a kind of unconscious assent, Janette's name was never mentioned in this house. Hart never commented on her letters and Margaret never questioned him as to what she had written. Sometimes he thought they had instinctively agreed upon this silence so that the child would know nothing of Janette's existence. He was sure that that was why Margaret never brought up Janette's name in her conversation. It may even have been, he thought at times, that she agreed with his mother that Janette was insane, but did not wish to admit it lest he might become angered at her confession. Still he did not question her. It was better no doubt that they did not speak of Janette. After all he was sure that no woman could fully understand such a strange type of mystic.

Indeed, if Janette had not taken suddenly ill and wired for Hart, he might never have seen her again. During the five days that Hart stayed with Janette, she returned to consciousness only three times, but upon each occasion

she managed to speak to him although in somewhat incoherent form. Hart watched her with uncanny anxiety. Seeing her die was like witnessing something that is an unanswerable mystery slip away from you before you have even had a chance to begin to understand it. There were moments when he actually plead with her unconscious mind to give up the secret of its magic. Never before had he fully realized the importance of Janette to his life. She was the closest contact he could ever have with the unseen. He was no sentimental occultist; he knew that occultism as a whole was a fraud. But Janette was different, she had proved her powers. One did not have to believe in her insight, its presence was as real as the dark. He had seen it work. And now she was dying, and with her death would pass away this mysterious power that had lived in her.

"Janette."

But her only answer was a groan.

At the end of the fourth day, Hart decided to go back to his family, especially since his presence could be of little aid to Janette in her unconscious, dying state. Margaret, moreover, was anxious for him to return. The child had been ill, and everything seemed to have gone badly since his departure. At the beginning of the fifth day, however, Janette suddenly recovered consciousness for the third time, and he decided to stay on until she relapsed into a stupor again. For over an hour before she was able to speak she lay there with a worried smile on her face.

Even when she was able to move her lips an hour later, she refused to mutter more than an occasional word of request or gratitude. Several times, she pointed upwards, but refused to add any further word of explanation. At such moments Hart thought her smile took on a more worried cast. What did she want? Why would she not speak when she could? She might be able to tell some

great truth—some great truth about herself, about the universe. These might be her dying words.

"Janette."

She turned her head this time in his direction, and beckoned him with her eyes to come closer to her. It took over ten minutes for him to understand that she wanted a pencil and paper. Why could she not speak what she had to say? No, she was determined. She must have pencil and paper.

Finally, as she tried to hold the pencil in her hand, she got one more word across her lips.

"Message."

Another message! Perhaps a message of revelation, Hart thought. Perhaps now she would disclose the truth of herself.

Hart steadied her hand as she tried to write. For several minutes she could not write a word. Finally she gestured to Hart to close his eyes. What was the meanning of that request? Still, he did as she asked.

Suddenly he felt the pencil take on life with his fingers. She had slipped it out of her hand into his. It was moving as if by a spell. He felt it rise and fall, press against his palm and then recede from it. It seemed to have covered miles of space in a few seconds.

Then it all stopped, the pencil slid from his hand. Janette fell back in the bed—only his fingers remained outstretched as if still in action.

Everything was blank before him for a second after he opened his eyes. He could scarcely see Janette at all. Her face was turned to the side now. She had passed off into a coma again. He looked about for the paper he had been writing upon. It had disappeared. He looked on the bed, and under it, and still could find no trace of it. What had she done with It? At length, he saw the edge of it protruding from her hand. She had crumpled it between her fingers and locked it in her palm when she had fallen back upon the bed. He tried

to dislodge it from her grasp. He pulled at it, but without success. As a final resort, he had to use all his strength to force open her hand, even at the risk of causing her pain. But she would feel little pain now, he was sure— and she did want him to see what she had to say; otherwise she would not have asked for the pencil and paper. But perhaps this last gesture — no, that could not be. She could not have meant that.

There it was, crumpled and torn — could he make out the words she had him write :

" Today... "

Yes, that was the first word. It was a little illegible, but it could not be any other word.

" Another. "

Was it another... yes, it was... unmistakably now...

Another what...

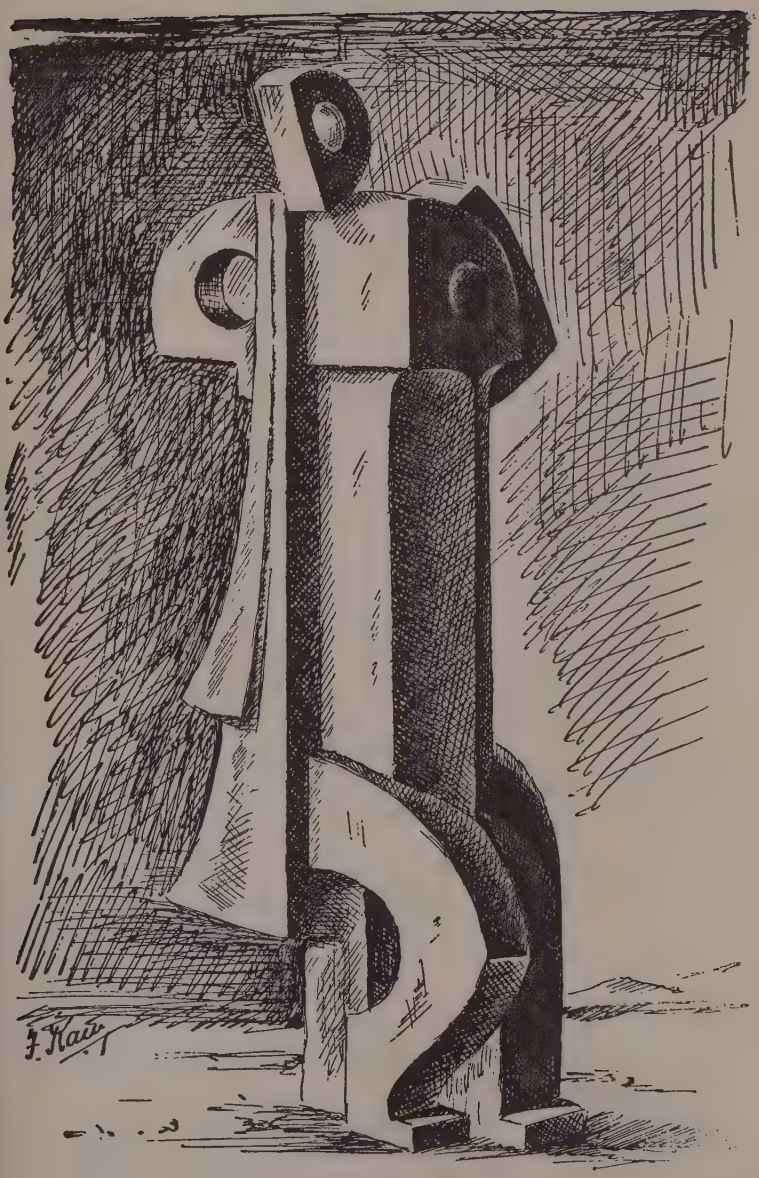
" My God... "

" Another one in your family will die. "

" Today. "

Hart Allen's body rose almost to the point of scream as he read the rest of the words he had written; and then sunk suddenly headlong upon the bed without a burst of sound. His chin and cheeks were soon lost in the blood-drenched sheets. His eyes were no longer a part of his body. His hands hung like dead things over the side of the bed. Only his fingers twitched for a moment — and then stopped.

He did not die until two hours later, however.



Project for monumental Sculpture, *by F. Kann*

RUSSELL THORNDIKE

NOVEMBER THE THIRTEENTH

I

Everyone in the Village knew that there was bad blood between Farmer Quested and the Sexton. How the quarrel had originated nobody knew, but it had grown ever since the Farmer had been elected Vicar's Warden, and as such read the lessons every Sunday. It became violent when Kitty Quested returned from service abroad and set all the lads' hearts hammering at her beauty.

The Sexton's daughter was a poor sickly imbecile, and when she died the Village pronounced it a good thing and laughed when they saw the old man transfer his affection upon the Churchyard horse, which was named Scraggybones. That, his beer and his hatred for Quested were the only things the Sexton loved.

One night when the Village was drinking at the Checquers some wag asked the Sexton whose beetroots he had been stealing.

"Beetroots?" repeated the Sexton. "Dont like 'em."

"Then why steal 'em?" asked the wag.

"Havent," snapped the Sexton.

The wag pointed to the Sexton's spade. There was a smear upon its blade.

"If you've been amongst my beetroots, old 'un," put in Farmer Quested from his corner by the fire-place, "I'll have the law o' you." The Sexton chuckled: "If ever Cephas Quested takes the law o' me, it'll be over something more serious than beetroots, I promise you." Just then the Vicar came in and called for a glass of old

ale. He was popular because he was not above drinking in his own Parish Inn. His arrival checked the angry retort which his Warden was about to make to his Sexton. But it did not check the Sexton's chuckles, which developed into a sinister giggling as the old man cleaned the blade of his spade with his thumb, flicking the bits of dirt across the Farmer's knees into the fire. The Vicar having nodded to all the cronies addressed himself to his Warden.

"You'll be glad to hear, Quested, that we have started carrying out the improvements you suggested re the Churchyard at our last Council Meeting. Our worthy Sexton has been digging up the bones from behind the old wall above the Bier-Walk. Such a pile." He turned to the Doctor. "As a man of Science I should like you to look them over. Your judgment must sort the Christian from the Heathen. I think they're all Heathen, buried there before the Church came, and if so they need not harbour up consecrated ground when we're so short of space."

"Very foolish to have built a Churchyard on the side of a hill," laughed the Doctor. "Naturally the bones work their way through the cracks in the old wall. Many's the mischievous limb I've prevented from tumbling out upon the Bier-Walk."

"Yes, it's quite uncanny the way they work themselves out," agreed the Vicar. "I suppose it's something to do with the wet soaking through to the lower level. It carries them along."

"It's not the wet," contradicted the Sexton still flicking bits of dirt into the fire. "If you wants to know what it is, I'll tell you. It's the worms."

They all laughed at this which annoyed the old man. "I tells you THEY finishes what the Sexton begins. When I buries you there," and he struck the floor with his spade, "I dont flatter myself you'll stop there. THEY'll come and scatter you, and never leave you till

they've got you where they wants you. They're always on the march manœvering the dead."

"Horrible thought," laughed the Vicar.

"If there's any truth in parsons' yarns about the dead rising again with their bodies, I'll guarantee some confusion in this Churchyard, where Smiths' finger-bones have been creeping into Jones' eyesockets. The Quested marble slab wont keep Cephas still for all its weight. His mother aint under it now. They'd shifted her sideways last time I give her a look-up. MAKING ROOM FOR THE NEXT. HA. HA."

"Stop your blasphemy," shouted the Farmer.

"Now then. Now then," warned the Vicar.

"More ale," laughed the Sexton.

"No, you've had enough. Go home," ordered the Vicar.

"All right, sir," answered the Sexton." But if Farmer Quested wants to see for himself, he'll find me up in the Churchyard. I'm going to put away my spade." The Sexton slapped the blade of it with the flat of his hand, then looked at his enemy and said: "Beetroots eh? I like that." He turned the spade upside down and began to walk it about the bar-parlour. He looked like a child playing with a doll. "I never had a pretty daughter, I didn't. Mine was as ugly as sin, as I overheard Farmer Quested say the day of her funeral. But my spade aint ugly. You're a beauty, aint you? He kissed the blade, and catching it up in his arms, hugged it.

"Go home at once," commanded the Vicar. "You're drunk."

"That's good too," sniggered the Sexton. "But the best thing I've heard tonight was BEETROOTS," and clutching his spade in high glee he trotted towards the door, where he collided with Johnny Jolt, the Hangman.

"Wait till I gets *you*, you clever stringer," chuckled the Sexton.

"Birds of a feather," laughed the Doctor.

"You needn't talk, you old poisoner," chaffed the Vicar. Everybody laughed and the wag capped the joke with "Where's the body? For the Vultures are gathered together."

Johnny Jolt, fresh from a job at the County Gaol, enlivened the company with gruesome details. Cephas Quested was not listening. No. Cephas Quested was sniffing. Sniffing audibly.

Mister Jolt broke his talk to scowl at his interrupter. Quested sniffed again. "I recommend hot Hollands for a cold," snapped the Hangman.

Quested took no notice, but sniffed again, then said: "Can any of you smell anything? What did that Sexton flick in the fire?"

A faint crackle came from the hearth. Cephas Quested leaned forward and stared.

Just then young Piper came in, looking sorry for himself. The wag had a new victim, for the Village knew that he had been captivated by the Quested girl.

"Cheer up," cried the wag. "There's more than one rosy apple in any orchard. Besides, I aint sure but that Miss Kitty dont favour you above us all."

"Then why did she appoint a meeting which she never meant to keep?" answered the dejected lover.

"Where were you to meet my daughter?" demanded the Farmer. Young Piper was too miserable to care whether the father was annoyed. "By the Churchyard wall above the Bier-Walk. I was late. I warned her that I might be. She promised to wait."

"God grant she didn't," muttered the Farmer, still staring into the fire-place.

"But she did, and she is," laughed the wag, looking through the casement. "You gave up too soon, my lad. She's up there now. Look." Young Piper ran

to the window. On the other side of the street, high above the chimneys of the shops, stood the Church with its burial ground braced with an ancient wall, from the top of which was suspended a lantern which gave light to the Bier-Walk beneath. The silhouette of a girl stood out against the sky-line. She was sitting on the wall with one arm leaning upon the lamp-bracket.

"I could only just have missed her," cried young Piper bounding towards the door.

"Stop," thundered Cephas Quested.

Everyone thought that the Farmer was about to play the heavy father against young Piper.

"Do you love my girl?" he asked.

It was not a reasonable question to put in a public bar but the young man answered bold as brass: "I do, sir."

"Then what is the colour of her hair?" asked the Farmer. Everyone thought this an odd question.

"The harvest moon tries to copy it, sir," replied the lover poetically.

"The harvest moon, eh? And what is the colour of this?" The Farmer plunged his hand across the fire and drew out a piece of dirt from the hearth-back. He did not seem to notice that he burnt his hand. With his finger and thumb he dangled the piece of dirt from a hair which stuck to it.

"Dont do that," laughed Johnny Jolt." Is a man always to be reminded of his work?"

"If this is what I think it be," whispered the Farmer, "your work aint finished tonight, Johnny Jolt."

The Farmer's manner was very odd.

"Have they all been drinking?" asked the Vicar of the Landlord. The door swung back. Everyone turned at the bang. Young Piper had run out. The wag looked through the window, but started back with his hands over his eyes. The window glass had been shattered in his face. A large bone fell on to the floor.

The Doctor picked it up. "A human thigh-bone. Very ancient," he said.

"The Sexton's throwing bones into the High-Street," cried someone from the door. Then there arose a murmuring like the rumble of an accumulating storm. It rose and rose. Then the screams of women pierced the growling of the men. Doors banged. Lanterns waved. Lights in every window, and casements thrown wide.

The wag calls for someone to pull the glass from his eyes, but everyone is looking through the smashed window up at the Churchyard. The limp form of a girl was being swung to and fro. She was suspended by her skirt, which the little Sexton was gripping with both hands as he stood upon the wall. From the Bier-Walk beneath, young Piper was leaping, trying to get the girl from the Sexton's grasp. He looked like a dog jumping for a bone. The news spread like wildfire. The quarrel of the Sexton and the Farmer had come to a head. To what had been the very pretty head of Kitty Quested, but was now horrible, nearly severed as it had been by the Sexton's spade.

There was a great pot-hook hanging in the Chimney. The Farmer dropped the piece of hair and dirt upon the floor. Somebody repeated young Piper's words: "Copies the harvest moon."

Quested seized the pot-hook and wrenched it from the chain, bringing down a quantity of soot and a bat which flew about the room. Up under the Churchyard wall the young man snarled and leapt. He leapt high and touched the body several times, and then the skirt ripped, and what should have been the light form of a girl leaning shyly against her lover, dropped heavily upon a maniac and knocked him to the gravel. The Sexton had no time to gloat upon this horror, for the whole Village swarmed like a pack of wolves into the Bier-Walk. They were met with a fusilade of heathen bones.

In the deserted bar parlour of the Checquers, Johnny

Jolt took his tankard of ale to the fire-place, kicked up the logs into a blaze, seated himself in Quested's corner and stretched his long legs towards the warmth. It was not his business to arrest a murderer. He was the hangman and had to wait for the law to take its course. Besides it was pleasant to get the chimney-corner to himself after a trying day, and everyone had rushed out of the Inn in such excitement, neglecting to finish their tankards. The bar-man brought them one by one for the Hangman to drink. At the risk of offending the whole parish it was his maxim to keep on good terms with the Hangman. That gentleman of ghastly trade closed his eyes. "What are they doing now?" he yawned. Beer was good. The fire-place was warm. He decided not to return to his lonely cottage till the Inn closed for the night. "What's all that infernal banging noise?" he asked.

"Fireworks," answered the bar-man from the window. "The boys have cleared out the stock left over from Guy Fawkes Day."

"I wonder there's any left," drawled the Hangman. "Today's the thirteenth, aint it?"

"That's right, Mister Jolt."

"And what are they letting off fireworks for?"

"Shooting them up at the old Sexton. The kids hate him because he never lets them play around the Churchyard. I say, you should look. Everything's a-blaze round him and he dont seem to care. He's flinging bones. They're flinging fireworks, Roman candles, squibs, crackers, flares and what-not. He dont half look horrible."

"Why dont they go up and get him?" yawned the Hangman. "I wouldn't let no Sexton throw bones at me."

"There's no stopping him while that pile lasts," answered the bar-man. "And when that's done, he's got his spade. Perhaps he'll start the coffins going soon."

"Dont be silly," laughed the Hangman. "He couldn't get 'em out in time".

"Unless he's got 'em ready," suggested the bar-man. "Sort of humour that would appeal to him."

"They should attack him from the other side."

"Climbing up from the gravel pits aint so easy," argued the barman. "Besides, it lands you right against the mortuary, which aint cheerful. Hallo. That's what some of them's done. There's shapes on the dodge in and out behind the grave-stones at his back. They've got up by the mortuary. Ah. Now they've got him.'

A terrible shriek made the Hangman open his eyes. "What now?" he asked.

"He's just seen 'em in time. Hurled a pick at one. Got him too. Now he's over the railings of the Boggesses Vault. Swinging his spade. Slicing their fingers with it. They're pulling the railings down with a rope."

"Oh, they've got a rope, have they?"

"Yes, and they've got him too."

A great shout arose. The Bar-man turned quickly to the Hangman. "They're going to hang him from the lamp-bracket."

This aroused the Hangman's professional curiosity. He got up, and swayed unsteadily in the fire-light. "I must see them do that. Hanging aint so easy. Let's have a quick noggin of rum, just to keep out the cold and go along."

The Bar-man served the Hangman quickly with two or three noggins. Then they went unsteadily along the High-Street and up the Churchyard steps. The steps proved to Johnny Jolt that he was drunk. When they reached the Bier-Walk, the Bar-man thought they would never get through the crowd. He reckoned without his companion. Mister Jolt was well known, but his trade made folk avoid him, especially on a day like this, when it was known that he had launched a human soul into eternity. Thus a way was made for

him, some shrinking from fear or loathing, others from a desire to see a real hangman carry out the job in hand. "Here's Johnny Jolt" they cried to the amateur executioners, who had already fixed a knot to the lantern-bracket and a noose round the Sexton's neck.

"We'll do it ourselves," answered Quested." This is lynch-law, and no interference."

"Aye, our turn now, Mister Hangman," called out young Piper, who was staggering aimlessly about with the body of the unfortunate girl clutched in his arms. He refused madly to put her down, and fearing for his reason, they left him alone.

"Go ahead, then," laughed the Hangman. "Only you wont make no sort of job of it, I can see, and you'll have the constables after you before you can say 'Knife'."

"No we shant," answered Quested. "The Police Sergeant rode off with the Parson for help. They found it convenient to be out of our way. There'll be no rescue here, I promise you. We'll have finished with this devil by the time they gets back."

"Not at the rate you be going," scoffed the Hangman. His professional eye was criticising not only the noose and the length of rope, but the rope itself. They threw the Sexton into the air over the wall. The people on the Bier-Walk pushed back to get clear, but the Sexton fell on top of them, causing a panic in which women were trampled. The Sexton scrambled to his feet, and without removing the noose from his neck, climbed up the rope and caught hold of the iron bracket in the wall. But they soon dislodged him with a pole, and then they tried pulling him up. He got his fingers inside the noose, and by swinging out from the wall, managed to kick several people in the face with his iron-tipped boots. At last Johnny Jolt's patience was exhausted.

"It's a sin not to work a man off on the first jerk," he cried.

"You do it. What's wrong?" they answered.

"It's all wrong," shouted the Hangman. "To begin with—the rope where did you get it? Out of the Ark?"

"It's his," they cried pointing to the hanging Sexton. Used it for lowering coffins."

"Well, it's too thick for a neck like his. Get a bell-rope from the Tower. He keeps the key in his pocket." The Sexton was lowered. "Bind his hands behind him with his neckcloth, which you should have took off in the first place." The expert was obeyed.

"Now two ringers up the Tower with me to choose a rope."

Going round and round up the Turret steps to the Belfrey convinced Johnny Jolt how very drunk he was. He chose a rope by lantern light, and sent the ringers up the ladder to the Bell-Chamber to cut it down. It slipped through the ceiling hole, and lashed the Hangman in his face as it fell, which put him in a rage.

Out in the Churchyard again the fresh noose was adjusted. They offered no prayer, but Church-Warden Quested pronounced a curse that was shuddering to hear. Young Piper held the corpse of his beloved high up in his arms. It looked as if he were being civil to the last and giving the dead girl every chance of seeing justice done for her. Nobody troubled about the after results. The whole village was in it. Johnny Jolt cared for nothing. He was drunk. Everything was ready. The nerve of the Village was strung to breaking point, when a great white horse came trotting across the Churchyard, in and out of the tombstones, and right into the crowd, which scattered screaming till someone shouted: "It's only old Scraggybones, the Churchyard horse. The only thing he cares about. String it up beside him."

Over the branch of a great elm, which stretched across the Bier-Walk, the Sexton's discarded coffin rope was thrown, and before his eyes the Sexton's whimpering pet was pulled up. The poor beast, like his master, managed to lay out more than one of the villagers as he

was swung off his feet. "Courage Scraggybones," cried the Sexton. "I shall be with you in a moment, and then we will ride the Bier-Walk together."

Johnny Jolt waited for the Sexton to see this piece of savagery completed, and then he made ready the knot, but his victim's words sobered him. He did not like them.

Mockingly asked if he had anything to say the Sexton turned to Quested and said: "It is November the Thirteenth. I shall not forget that date in the place where I am going. I shall ride the horse of Death, and trample you upon the Bier-Walk. Remember." The Hangman tightened the noose, and adjusted the knot to his final satisfaction. As he did so the Sexton spoke to him in a voice that sounded dead. "It would have been better for you, Mister Jolt, had you stayed within doors. It is an unlucky night for you to be abroad, and before the Calendar has run round many times, you will know that my last words were true. I shall be riding, and you will be thinking, November the Thirteenth. The Thirteenth of November. I wish I had kept within doors." The body was jerked over. The Sexton was dead.

When the Vicar returned with the rescue party, the whole Village was abed, but they found the Sexton beside his horse over the Bier-Walk. The whole Village being implicated, nobody was punished, and all kept mum throughout the Inquiry, and after a half-hearted attempt on the part of the authorities to make someone speak, the matter was dropt. A few years went by. People died and people were born, and the dread night was effaced by more recent happenings. Young Piper never mentioned it, as he had married someone else and did not care to mention Kitty Quested. And then one night Cephas Quested did not return home. It was in November, and there was snow upon the Bier-Walk. They found him there on the morning of the Fourteenth. He had been trampled by a horse, for the mark of a great

shoe showed livid on his temple. Yes. He had been trampled to death on the Bier-Walk, which was significant. From that day Johny Jolt became a wreck. He drank more heavily, and his eyes were haunted with a fear. He sought company but there was none where he was welcome. He was always asking people what day of the week the Thirteenth of November fell on, and whenever that unlucky day came, he moved from his lonely cottage and bought board and lodging at the Checquers Inn for one night.

The Inn changed hands, and the new Landlord did not approve of Johnny Jolt. He thought that the presence of a drunken hangman kept good custom away, and he did not intend to give the creature house-room upon the Thirteenth of November. The day came, and with it the Hangman. He was drunk by noon, but had the sense to sit quiet and soak in the corner. It drew on towards midnight and the cronies left. The ex-hangman,—for he had lost his job—steered himself to the Bar.

"I always sleep here upon this night," he enunciated slowly. "I have done so for many years. It is the night when I cannot sleep in the cottage by myself. I dare say you know the reason."

"Ah yes, sir," answered mine host. "That is quite right. You honour the house every Thirteenth of November, I remember. Now please, sir, I wish to close the doors. Drink up if you please."

"I will have one more before going to my room." The Landlord gave him another. "I will prepare your room for tomorrow, sir."

"No, for tonight," corrected the ex-Hangman.

"I thought it was for the Thirteenth you ordered it."

"Well?"

"It is the Twelfth now, sir."

"No, The Thirteenth."

Looking at a calendar the Landlord shook his head. But the drunkard wanted to see for himself. The

Landlord brought the calendar and leant across the Bar. "Here you are. November. That's right. Here's the Thirteenth. Tuesday as large as life. Today's Monday, and as you see, the Twelfth."

"So it is," admitted the drunkard. "Even the Constable told me wrong".

"Tomorrow then, sir?" queried the Landlord putting away the Calendar. "I'll get the pot-boy to light a lantern for you and pilot you up the Church steps. It's your quickest way."

When they had gone, the Landlord chuckled to his wife: "I'll tell him tomorrow that we were looking at the calendar for next year. I got it today on purpose."

Johnny Jolt chuckled to the pot-boy as they climbed the steps. "Nearly let myself in for two nights at the Inn. Couldnt have run to that, with prices as they are now."

The pot-boy asked him why he wished to spend a night at the Inn when his own cottage was so near.

"For company lad. Did you never hear the tale of the mad and murderous Sexton?"

"Never, sir," lied the potboy, who wanted to hear it first-hand.

"Then sit down here in the Porch, and I'll tell you while my legs get sober."

The pot-boy thought it stupid of Mister Jolt to drink any more brandy if he really wanted to get sober, but he kept his mouth shut while the ex-hangman talked and drank from the bottle in his hand. The story was finished about the same time as the brandy. Then Mister Jolt turned to the pot-boy and said: "Now you see why I spend the Thirteenth at the Inn. If there is such things as ghosts that there Sexton will be one, and I aint taking chances with him. See?"

"But you are. It's the Thirteenth now."

"What do you mean?" screamed the Hangman. "What's tonight?"

" Well yesterday was Sunday, and we had psalms for the Twelfth evening. The Parson don't make mistakes I hope. "

" If that's true, I'll break that Landlord's neck. But are you sure ? "

Before the pot-boy could answer, there came the sound of a galloping horse, and at the same time the Church Clock began to chime for midnight. Mister Jolt's teeth chattered.

" Listen. What's that ? "

" A horse galloping, " whimpered the pot-boy.

" Coming close, aint it ? "

" Yus. "

" Stopping, aint it ? "

" Yus. "

" What's that noise ? "

" Clock striking Twelve. "

" No. The other noise. "

" What ? That sort of shuffling scuffle ? " snivvled the pot-boy.

" Yes. It is skeleton feet. "

" No. It aint. "

" What is it then ? "

" Dunno. "

" I do. It's the Sexton. The Sexton on his horse. He's ridden up the Bier-Walk. He's dismounting under the bracket. He's come to take me. But I wont be took. I wont. I say I wont. " The Hangman swung the lantern round his head, and raising the bottle with his other hand, pointed into the darkness screaming " Look. " The pot-boy sprang out of the porch, and the Hangman brought the lantern down with a crash on to his head, and then came at him with the bottle. The boy had a dim recollection of thrusting his hand against the madman's throat, and of gripping hard. Then the bottle came down, and he remembered no more. Half an hour later the Landlord and two ostlers came from the Chec-

quers to look for the pot-boy. He was lying insensible upon the pavement. They gave him brandy and brought him round, when he screamed out : " Mister Jolt. Where's Mister Jolt ? "

They found Mister Jolt on the Bier-Walk, beneath the lantern-bracket, his arms across his face and his legs crumpled under him.

" He has fallen from the wall, " said one of the ostlers. " Broke his legs, by the look of it. "

" Drunk. It will give my house a bad name, " muttered the Landlord, as he uncovered the dead man's face. When he saw it, he sprang to his feet. " Run for the Doctor. I think he's dead. "

When the Doctor came and looked at the distorted face he said, " Yes, he is dead. A seizure. I warned him to keep off spirits. "

" He had none tonight at the Checquers, " said the Landlord.

" I dare say, " nodded the Doctor. " He carried it with him. See. " He unclasped the dead man's fingers, which were clutching the broken neck of a bottle. " Hallo. Finger marks on his throat. How's that ? " The pot-boy looked at the Doctor and stammered: "It's what he feared sir. The Sexton's Ghost come for him. It's the Thirteenth of November. "

" Nonsense, " snapped the Doctor. " You must have seized him by the throat when he came at you. "

" I was knocked senseless with his lantern, " answered the pot-boy stubbornly.

" Hallo. What's this ? " The Doctor had turned the dead man's head, and they all saw the mark of a great hoof on his face.

" I couldnt have done that now could I, sir ? It's the Sexton's horse, like when Mister Quested was found here. "

" More likely this I think, " answered the man of science

lifting a great cart-horse-shoe from the gravel. "He was raving drunk, and he fell on this."

"Put it down, sir," whispered the Landlord.

"Horse-shoes wont harm us. They are lucky," said the Doctor.

"That's been dropped by the Devil's horse," shuddered an ostler. The Landlord suddenly pulled the Doctor's hand from the corpse. "Look. That proves it," he cried, and pointed to the wall. From a crevice in the old stones there appeared a gigantic and glossy worm, which slithered and dropped upon the Hangman's neck, and slipped in under his shirt before the Doctor could free his hand to take it.

And so it became a Ghost-story. The Sexton's Horse had trampled him as it had Cephas Quested, and the Sexton's bony fingers had finished by throttling. Then came the King Worm to claim him, and from that day not a soul who had been at the hanging would venture up the Bier-Walk upon November the Thirteenth.

THE FLYING COLUMN

SPEAKEASIES

"Words!" exclaims Hamlet, scornfully; and at one time or another every thinking man reacts against these curious combinations of sound by which we are supposed to communicate our mind-waves — indeed, it is often said that without words there would be no thought. Exactly, one asks, what is the relation between expression and the freight carried?

Authors have approached this theme from quite different angles. Kathryne Mary Frick, deaf, dumb and blind, told the story of her education in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This has the value of competent testimony.

At the time when she lost sight and hearing, Kathryne had just begun to learn, as a child, the rudiments of speech. But she asserts that she had gained "no concept of the meaning of printed words." And the little she had learned was wiped out like tracings on sand by the rising tide. Here is her testimony as to words considered as an essential element of thought:

"It is said that there is no thought without language. I was over nine years of age and without language, but I could think and reason about matters involving no verbal memories probably as well as the average educated child. My parents never for a moment doubted my ability to reason, and my teacher knew from experience that spoken or written language is not necessary for clear thinking and mental development."

Beyond question there is a consciousness of certain facts that is independent of any form of expression. And upon such consciousness the acquired "culture" of those like Helen Keller and Kathryne Frick is based; so is that of any child. The question at issue is this: How far might such primitive consciousness be developed without the use of any word-scaffolding? Even in the case of thinkers who are acknowledged masters of language, it may be asked how much of their thought-process is directly related to the words in which ideas are finally expressed.

In his *Confessions*, St. Augustine, who was away ahead of his time in psychology, tells how as a baby he cried when he did not get what he wanted; but presently he observed that when grown people approached certain objects they uttered certain sounds. So he became conscious of the value of words. But then again,

But then again, the poet Tennyson confessed that he — and by implication the man of his time — was

"An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry."

Had that been true, how could he have told us what he was? Byron put it differently :

"But words are things and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

There is truth in the words of both. Man is yet a child; but he needs language as a mirror in which he can see his thoughts.

The protagonist in a satirical story published last year in England — *His Monkey Wife* — married a chimpanzee, perhaps the nearest to man of the ape tribe. The said female learns to read English, but never speaks it. Her clever management of difficult situations is proof enough that she can think her way over a wall and up a tree.

It is the unruly tongue that gets man into trouble. Maybe if he would stick to print and keep still, he might get along very well. There's a chance for the modern reformer. Prohibition of speech and down with the talk bootlegger. No more speakeasies!

LITERARY WIND CHANGES

When some one asked the historic question, early in the Nineteenth century — "Who reads an American book?" literary France might have said "We will when our publishers issue translations." True, Ben Franklin was much admired as Bonhomme Richard. And stories of the Indians, such as Cooper's romances, exerted a kind of wonder appeal. But the idea that literary creation had any part in the life of the strange new world was quite outside the currents of continental thought.

Baudelaire brought in Poe and later Whitman found a place in revolutionary circles. But for the most part America was a circus feature in French life, best represented by such a figure as Buffalo Bill. Even since the war, translation of an American book has been a rather exceptional event. Publishers came from the United States to get French books for American readers.

While there was some evidence of an approaching change in previous years, it was only during the past season that publishing figures clearly showed a complete right-about-face. At present, the actual contracts made for the issue of American or English books in France are more numerous than those made for French books in English.

One of the reasons for this is the somewhat barren period of Gallic authorship. Anything of universal interest would not long go begging. But even French authors appear to be looking for

themes across the water. And books about America are not made after the pattern of Dickens' *American Notes.*

The fact is that the new generation is turning curious eyes toward other shores. There is an imperious demand for knowledge of the intellectual product, the point of view, the inner spirit. Automobiles, cameras and soap do not satisfy the young French man — or French woman, for she is quite as insistant. Movies, jazz, musical comedy showed which way the wind was blowing. Literature, which goes deeper, comes last.

In this changing attitude, France is not alone. In fact, she has been slower than some of the other countries of Europe. America stands today before an open door. With her unique resources it was not hard to win commercial victories. The great testing time has come. How much is she worth spiritually, intellectually, artistically, in the world's eyes?

"AN AMBASSADOR OF TRADE"

It would probably serve us right if some one were more or less gently to remind us that it is none of our business when such an unmistakingly whole-souled patriotic newspaper as The *Observer* (London) chooses to designate the Prince of Wales as an "Ambassador of Trade," on the occasion of his recent departure for South America. But whatever else contemporary civilization may have brought us of good or bad, it has made inveterate busybodies of us as well; everybody's business is our business and ours is everybody's in turn, for better or worse. The *Observer's* designation might pass well enough as an electioneering slogan, which, like all such slogans, is misleading, to say the least. Neither in Bagehot nor in other writers on the British constitution would one find the shadow of authority for such a title. "Ambassador of Trade," it seems to us, is truthfully as little appropriate to the Prince's mission as the taunt "*nation boutiquière,*" which an embittered Napoleon had, in his day, flung at the people this illustrious traveller will rule in years to come.

If a country, which, amongst its manifold civilizing and cultural functions of highest order engages also in commerce, may be scornfully referred to as "a nation of shopkeepers," it would be nothing short of unregenerate inconsistency not to include all countries in the same category, with the exception, perhaps, of the Republic of San Marino, if her poilitical and ethnic status would permit of classing her as national unit, which of course it does not.

Trade makes the mare go, of course, even in Russia after a fashion, but trade is not the good old mare herself, not even her filly. Sad, indeed, would be the day, when the heads of nations, or their heirs apparent or presumptive, were to represent their nations' trade alone.

JANE SNOWDEN CROSBY

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

He moved restlessly, pushing his powerful shoulders against the back of the wheel chair. The chair squeaked slightly; he looked down at his hands which still looked white and strangely ineffective. Thank God! I've still got my hands, he thought to himself.

Not every one came out of polio with the use of his hands, Tom knew. He'd seen men in the hospital who had to be fed, who couldn't even put a cigarette between their lips. He shuddered, thinking about it. That was too terrible, for a man not to have the use of his hands... But this damned little bug that the doctors did not know much about had no respect for muscles. It just grabbed you : first a headache that nearly split the top of your head off, then nausea, then paralysis.

Tom smiled crookedly. That was what had happened to him nine months ago when he had been foreman at the garage, knowing the inside of every car that was made, knowing just how far to turn a screw, how to readjust a balky carburettor or a faulty transmission. He'd been making nearly three hundred dollars a month; he'd made the last payment on the bungalow, he'd bought a radio and a new winter coat for May. They had thought they were on easy street then with the bungalow finally paid for. Why, he'd even made a second payment on the frigid air. They were saving money. He had dreamed about owning the Star Garage—some day. He and May had talked about it at night, when they came home from the movies. Sitting in the plump over-

stuffed chairs which felt so comfortable after a hard day, they had laughed and planned.

"I saw the cunningest wall paper today—with birds on it," he remembered May had said, with a little catch in her voice. "It would be darling for a nursery."

"We'll get it one of these days," he'd told her, feeling large and competent. "As soon as I get the frigid air all paid for. We'll have everything all-set for his—or her—royal highness whenever he comes along." He'd laughed shyly, thinking how nice it would be to have a kid to read the funny papers to on Sundays...

Then — this had happened. He'd come home from the garage with a splitting headache. There was a peculiar feeling in the small of his back. Then he got so sick that he hardly knew what happened. Five days later he couldn't move.

The doctors called it acute poliomyelitis, their faces grave. Tom called it hell. He knew.

May had been a brick about it. She'd never complained about the extra work, the waiting on him. Very soon she'd learned how to lift his legs, so that the sore nerves did not twinge. He had left the hospital after four weeks. By then he had known that it was going to be a long pull—he'd seen other cases. There was an epidemic of this damned bug with the long name. May kept her head, she never broke down. She said of course he would get well.

Well, of course, he would. Tom straightened his shoulders. Gosh, he'd fight! And he had his hands now. His arms and shoulders and back were just as good as ever. That was a great help, the doctors told him; he was coming on. Tom nodded; he was grateful—God : he'd never get the picture of that man in the hospital who had to be fed out of his mind—but he wanted his legs! A mechanic had to have his legs—didn't the doctors know that—his hands weren't much use to him without... He looked down at his hands

again. How white and sort of futile they looked, but except for that flat muscle at the base of each thumb, they were normal hands.

Only—his legs. They'd told him to be patient. He'd tried, lying quietly in bed for three months, then six months in a wheel chair. But he hated to have May waiting on him. He got tired of the radio, tired of reading... Of course, the boys from the garage came in to see him as often as they could, but after six months people kind of forget. They talked and joked and told him they were waiting for him to come back. Tom told them it would be pretty soon. Only, he got nervous, waiting. It was hard when a man had been active to sit in a chair. Maybe some folks thought it was an easy life. Let them try it...

Of course, Tom knew people who had sat in wheel chairs for years; it was funny how you never thought of things like that until something like this happened to you. But he couldn't, he wouldn't think of that yet. He wasn't going to give up—no sir—he was too young, only twenty-seven, to think of himself as a piece of dead wood. God! he was sorry for those men and women, who lived their lives sitting in chairs, but he wouldn't think of that possibility yet.

This new doctor, Dr. Raynor, Tom liked. He was a young man, but he was thorough and painstaking; he seemed to know how you felt, sitting in a chair all day. He wasn't gruff and medical like those big doctors at the hospital. You could talk to him, ask him questions, like how long it was going to take, without him flaring up and telling you to be patient. Patient... Those other doctors didn't seem to know much about it. They just talked about it.

Tom's mouth twisted a little. May had put a little bell on the table by his chair where he could ring it any time he wanted something. But he had only rung it once so far. He wasn't going to ring it—he hated that bell—

he'd rather wait indefinitely than ring the damned thing.

He wondered what May was doing now. It was funny how you wondered what people were doing when you couldn't get up and find out. Sitting in a chair, you had so much time to wonder... He didn't want May to know that he got restless and lonesome. She had enough to worry about, with waiting on him and doing the housework.

When she came in he smiled, and looked up from a magazine. May must not know how dreary printed words looked on a page. He always told her that it was great to have time to read all the interesting things that were written. He told her that he was getting to be quite a boy on current events; you couldn't stump him on a single thing. He told her that, smiling; but inside he knew that the most tremendous current event in the world paled beside the great gift of walking. He wondered if he was losing his sense of proportion—people did, people like him. He shuddered to use the word—even in his mind— that marked him as a piece of dead wood. Tom didn't think he'd lost his sense of proportion yet, but when a man wants his legs the way he did, he can't think anything else—even the Disarmament conference—is very important.

He flapped the pages of his magazine.

"Say, May, there's a swell article in here. I wish you could read it."

She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Perhaps I'll get time after supper. Is there anything you want?"

He shook his head. "Not a thing."

Tom knew that after supper May would sit on the davenport, near his wheel chair, and very soon her head would begin to nod; it would drop against the back of the davenport and she would fall asleep. He would sit there quietly, not even turning the page of a book lest it disturb her. He'd think of the other evenings, evenings when she'd sat across from him, sewing, while he read his

paper, teasing her because she interrupted him. She didn't interrupt him now. She was too tired. Poor girl, on her feet all day, running in and out from the kitchen to see if he was all right.

Then there had been so much to talk about: how many cars he had o. k.'d that day, how much money they were saving—Tom liked to figure it up, going over the deposits in May's neat account book—where they would go for his ten days vacation, how they would furnish the nursery... Tom sighed. They did not talk about those things now. They didn't talk much, anyway. May was too tired, and Tom couldn't talk about the—dread and the ache that were at the back of his mind. And the hope that he prayed for with tight-shut lips. He couldn't talk about that either. He knew men —men like him—who did talk about themselves—everlastingly; he'd heard them in the hospital, but he hadn't reached that stage yet. He took May's hand that lay on his shoulder.

"Doc Raynor hasn't phoned, has he?"

"Yes, he did. He said he'd be over later." May smiled at him. "You're not the only one on his list, big boy."

"Of course." Tom squeezed her fingers. He still got something of a thrill out of the movement of his hands. For so long he had not been able to move anything.

"I think he's a mighty fine doctor, don't you, May?" he went on, keeping her beside him. "He seems interested, all right."

"Oh, yes. He's going to do great things with you."

"Sure. Say, May, I kind of hate to keep him waiting for his money. He's darned nice about it, but I wondered"— Tom cleared his throat. "Perhaps we'd better put a little mortgage on the bungalow. I could pay it off as soon as I..."

He felt her wince a little. "We won't have to do

that yet," she said. "There's still some money in the bank. Now don't worry about it. Just— get strong. I'll see that he's paid."

"Oh, I won't." He made his voice sound casual, hearty. "But May, you might ask him when he's going to let me walk—he said soon—but he kind of puts me off when I ask him. I don't like to keep at it. But I know I can step off pretty good and I'd just like to know when he's going to let me try."

She did not answer for a moment. She turned her face away.

"Oh, I'm sure it will be soon, Tom, but I'll ask him. He's let you stand up now. It will be soon, I know."

"Oh, yes, sure. You saw how straight I stood yesterday. It was much better than last week, wasn't it? I know I could have stood three or four minutes longer if he'd let me. I'd like to show him!"

"Oh, I know you can," she smiled again. Tom had an odd feeling that her smile was like a lone flag, flying bravely in a desert.

"Pretty soon I'll be chucking this hard-ware," he touched the braces on his legs. "He thinks I'm going to need these things for quite a while, but I know I won't. I won't need the crutches at all, May."

"I know, dear. It just takes—a little time. Of course, Dr. Raynor is very cautious. But we want him to be, we don't want him to..." She ran her fingers through his hair.

Tom turned his face up to her.

"I don't mind waiting," he said. "I'm having a grand rest. But it's hard on you, May. You're a mighty fine little sport."

"Sport nothing. There's nothing to be a sport about."

"Oh, yes—for a while. Of course, I'll soon be up and around again, but it's tough on you in the meantime."

"Every one expects—a little set-back."

"I suppose so. Remember, I married you for better or for worse. Don't think I'm going to let you go." He smiled.

"I wouldn't budge." She kissed him, and turned quickly, walkng into the kitchen.

Tom thought her face looked very sweet as she kissed him. Her back looked slim and young and somehow gallant as she turned away. How trim and fine her legs were, and how swift... It was funny to be noticing an obvious thing like the competence of a pair of legs. Somehow when you didn't have the use of your own—though of course he would in a little while—the legs of other people seemed miraculous.

Tom bit his lip. Gosh! he'd soon be nutty if he started thinking about things like that. He'd never thought of things like that before — before — he used the word in his mind, not to May of course, and it stood out like a giant landmark: things that had happened before he was sick, things that had happened after. It was like the dates you used to study in school— B. C. and A. D. Tom smiled; maybe that was sacrilegious. He didn't mean to be. Only, it was a terribly big landmark to him—that before. But surely God knew that a man who prayed the way he did, was not sacrilegious.

Why, he prayed hard, in the back of his mind, most of the time. He knew that he had not prayed enough—before. He had not been grateful enough—before. But he knew now what so many things meant—like the precious quality of competence in a pair of legs.

"I think I've always been straight, God," he said inside, "as straight as most fellows. But I'll be straighter. I'll do the things you're meant to do that the Bible tells you and you forget. I'll care for the sick, I'll welcome the stranger, I'll give my tithe and more to the poor. I'll have charity. Only—only, I've got to have my legs, God!" He closed his eyes.

Tom didn't know how long he sat there. He heard a

door bang and looked up. It was funny how you started to *get* up before you realized that you couldn't. Only, of course, he could if Dr. Raynor would let him.

"Hello, Tom; I guess I caught you napping that time."

"I guess you did, Harry. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. There's some cigarettes on the table." Tom wheeled his chair towards it.

"That's all right, Tom. I'll smoke my pipe." Harry Long dropped into a chair. "Gosh, I'm tired! We had a tough morning at the garage. We miss your old hand on those carburettors!"

Tom smiled. "That's good. Haven't got any one in my place?"

"Well, we've got a man—just temporary, Tom—but he ain't any good. It's hard to get a good all around mechanic like you. When do you think you'll be coming back?"

"Oh, it won't be long, Harry. I'm coming along." He held out his arms. "Just as strong as ever. My hands look kind of white, but they're tough and ready. I'm out of the woods all right."

"That's good. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, fine...!"

Tom always said that. Even from the first, when his muscles were so sore that the touch of a sheet was like a stab, he had said that. He'd rather say it. And he found that people looked kind of relieved when he did. It was funny—the boys were awfully good about coming in to see him, like Harry, but they acted nervous until they'd asked him how he felt. After he said "fine," they seemed more natural. He knew they were terribly sorry for him, but they expected him to say it. He didn't want their pity—who does want that—but sometimes he wanted to say, "how can a man be feeling fine when he hasn't got his legs?" Gosh! why did they ask him? But after all, he couldn't expect them to understand that...

"I'm dog-tired," Harry Long went on, slumping in his chair. He ran his hand over his face. "I kind of envy you, Tom, having a good rest."

"Oh, sure, I'm having a grand rest. Time to read and everything."

With his hand, Tom reached down and pulled his legs into a more comfortable position. The braces jarred against the footboard of the wheel chair.

"When is the doc going to let you try your pins in those things?"

"Pretty soon. He's coming in later today. He stands me up for a couple of minutes every day now—against the wall, you know, so as to be safe. He has me prop those crutches under my arms, but I don't need them. I bet I could step right out, Harry. I'll show him one of these days, but of course you got to take it slow."

Harry got up—so easily, Tom thought. But he mustn't start thinking about Harry's legs.

"Well, when you're ready to hop off, let me know. I'd like to see you do it." Harry held out his hand. "So long, old man. I've got to go."

Tom tried to keep his voice from being too eager. "Can't you stay a while, Harry? You've hardly come."

"Well, the wife's expecting me home early. We're going to the movies."

"Oh—say, have you seen Harold Lloyd lately? I'd like to hear him talk. I bet he's good. They didn't have the Vitaphone in before..."

"Sure is. There's a swell detective show on tonight. Well, I'll be seeing you soon, Tom. Say hello to May for me."

"I'll do that." Tom wheeled his chair to the window and watched Harry swing up the street. He remembered when he had walked like that, carelessly...

Dr. Raynor came in late that afternoon and told Tom

he could try walking the next day. A little vein twitched in Tom's temple.

"I'll show you, doc," his hands clenched whitely.

May smiled at him.

"I know you will," Dr. Raynor nodded. "But you mustn't expect to do too much the first time. Remember those motor nerves have been through a tough racket."

"But I'll show you!"

Tom was glad the doctor left just then. He wanted to be alone. Even May wouldn't be able to understand quite what this meant to him. Later he tried to tell her.

"Just think, May, it's coming tomorrow. I'll be up on my feet, walking! We can say goodbye to the wheel chair," his voice slipped.

May stepped around in back of him; she laid her hand on his hair.

"But you must remember what he told you," she said, very low. "You mustn't expect—too much."

"Oh, no," he tried to pull her down to him. "I've thought about it so long. Oh, I haven't minded waiting —you've been so good to me and I've had a grand rest, May, but you know, I've thought and thought about it... It's the beginning of..." his voice slipped again.

Tom did not sleep much that night. He lay quietly, on the bed across from May, so that she would think he was sleeping. Once or twice she moved carefully; he pretended not to notice. Even when he closed his eyes, a sentence kept pounding in his head—I'm going to walk tomorrow. I'm going to walk!

He tried fitting the words into different tunes, thinking the effort would make him sleepy, but he found he got even more excited. Why—this was adventure! He smiled a little, thinking of those fellows who wrote books about adventure : swimming the Hellespont or the Panama canal. Tom knew they did not know anything about it. What could they know—unless they had sat

in a wheel chair day after day—about the high adventure of walking?

Why, everything in his life that he had thought significant faded before this: his first pair of long trousers, the time when he had made a home run, playing on the high school team, the first girl he had kissed, his first pay check. Even the dear delight of having May, those five honeymoon days they had spent at Niagara Falls. All those things swam together and blurred, while this—walking tomorrow—stood out.

"You'll help me, God?" he said to himself. "I'm counting on You."

The next morning May laughed as she helped him to dress and to put on his braces.

"I'll soon be chucking this hard-ware," he told her.

May nodded, but she went on talking, laughing about the weather—it was a clear spring-dipped day in April—and about the good breakfast she was going to give him.

"Poached eggs, bacon, marmalade, everything!"

"You bet!"

He wanted to talk about his—walking. He felt so sure of himself. But May kept swinging back to the sunshine, the eggs which were like rosy suns. After they had eaten breakfast she told him to wheel into the living room, while she cleared the table. He caught her hand.

"Listen, May, I'd kind of like to have Harry Long here when... You know, I'd like to show him. He's been nice about coming in and I know he'd like to be in on it."

Her hand trembled a little. "Why don't you 'phone him, dear? I'm pretty busy. I'll put the 'phone here beside you."

Tom nodded: "Right."

He would enjoy the surprise in Harry's voice. Surprise, with something respectful in it, too.

" Better be on time—eleven thirty—or I'll walk out on you," he said as he rang off.

Tom wondered if he could wait till eleven thirty. He kept glancing at his watch and shifting, with his hands, the position of his legs. " I bet they'd move of themselves, " he thought, " but I'll save 'em up for the big event. "

At eleven o'clock he called May. She came quickly; her eyes looked too bright and there was a flush on her cheeks. Tom did not notice. He wheeled over to her; he was getting expert in moving his chair. In a little while he would be as expert as those men in the hospital who swung their chairs around in a surprisingly small place. Only, he wouldn't need to be...

" There's something I want to tell you, darling, before the big event.

" I couldn't talk about it before... but now— "

" What is it ? "

" You know, how we talked about doing that room—the nursery ? Well, I think we might go ahead now. I'll soon be up and around, and if you want to get that wall paper—you know, with the birds in it... "

" Oh, Tom... " Her voice broke a little. She put out her hand as if to save herself.

" I know you felt real bad about having to give it up—all that it means. But we won't have to now, May. I felt bad, too. I couldn't bear to think of it even. I wouldn't want our child to have a...a man like me for its father. But now, in a little while, May, I'll be o.k. I know it! "

" I know you will, too. Only, let's not talk about it now, Tom. "

" No, we won't. But I wanted you to know—before the doc came—that I've been thinking about it. "

" Yes... " She kissed him.

Tom felt his heart tighten when the doctor came in. Harry Long had followed him. But he wasn't nervous;

he had got over that yesterday. Today he was just eager to begin. Tom thought that Harry looked kind of funny, sitting on the edge of a chair, twisting the brim of his hat.

Dr. Raynor slid his fingers along Tom's wrist. "How do you feel?"

"Fine!"

"That's good. Well, you might ride yourself over to the wall. We'll begin there."

As Tom started to turn his chair, Dr. Raynor laid his hand on his arm.

"Tom—would you rather have Mr. Long and your wife go into the dining room? They won't make you nervous?"

Tom smiled. "No, I want them here."

"All right. Easy now."

Carefully, one on each side, Dr. Raynor and May got him out of the wheel chair, while Harry Long held it steady.

"Just get it out of the way," the doctor said quickly as they stood Tom against the wall. "I'm going to have you stand a minute so as to get your balance." He propped the crutches under Tom's arms.

Tom stood there, smiling. He saw that May's face, across the room now, had gone very white. But he was not thinking of faces. He was thinking of how it felt to lift your feet off the ground and walk carelessly...

"Now!" Dr. Raynor said. "Just put one foot a little in front of the other. Braces locked?"

"Sure. Shall I keep the crutches?"

"Better keep them," the doctor nodded.

Tom sent a message to his brain: move, move the muscles. Forward march! The muscles did not do anything. He sent the message again—move, forward! He had an odd feeling that he was a telegraph operator in a remote station where the connections were a little feeble. Then he forgot about messages. He looked down at

his right leg and pulled with all the splendid main strength of his shoulders and trunk. His right foot advanced a couple of inches; his body veered dangerously to the right. May put out her hand, but he did not notice. It seemed to him that he had covered yards.

"Fine," said the doctor. "Now—in a minute—the other foot."

Tom nodded. He felt the sweat starting under his hair.

He pulled again, putting all his force into the effort. The veins stood out on his forehead. His left foot moved forward—a little more than two inches this time. Tom forgot that there was any one in the room. He was just conscious of the doctor's quiet prodding voice and the fact that his feet were going—slowly, with the sweat dripping down his face, with the blood in the veins of his neck pumping hard—one in front of the other. He had taken five steps when the doctor stopped him.

"That's enough for today," he said quickly. "Chair, please. Quick, that's it."

Some one took his crutches. Some one held the chair steady. Arms, on either side of him, got him into it. He laughed excitedly. "Pretty good, wasn't I?" he said as he wiped his face. "Gosh, it's hot work, but it's great to be walking!"

"You did splendidly," Dr. Raynor told him. "I never saw a man try harder."

"Sure thing," Harry Long slapped his shoulder.

Tom wondered why Harry's face looked kind of queer and set, but he didn't think about it. Gosh! he had done a good day's work; the muscles in his back ached as they used to after he had crawled under cars.

He felt May's hand on his hair. He did not see her face.

"You did wonderfully, dear," she said.

Dr. Raynor picked up his case. He seemed in a hurry. Tom wondered why he did not meet May's eyes.

Couldn't he see that she was trying to catch his look?

"I'll drop in tomorrow. Rest a bit, Tom."

"You bet," Tom smiled. "Say, May, I think I'd like a glass of water—real cold."

She went quickly. Harry Long stood there, fumbling with his hat.

"I think I'll get a glass of water, too, Tom," he said suddenly.

Tom stretched back in his chair. That chair back certainly felt good to his shoulders. A chair wasn't so bad after a tussle like that. Still, he had come out pretty well. He hadn't run, but his feet had moved. That was the main thing. Running would come later. Gosh! he had certainly tried hard, pulled with all there was in him. The old connections—synapses, the doctor called them—weren't very quick, but he could force them to do their stuff. He sighed a little. He was pretty tired now that it was over.

Tom heard the water, dripping from the faucet in the kitchen. He wished May would hurry. Funny, when you were thirsty how long time was. He felt rather sleepy. After Harry left, he wouldn't mind lying down on his bed and dropping off for a little. He could almost sleep right now—hadn't slept much last night; he closed his eyes.

May's light step, coming into the dining room, startled him. She was saying something to Harry, far away it seemed, he was so sleepy.

"Harry—" she whispered, a whisper sharp with agony, entreaty: "Harry, do you think he'll ever walk, really I mean? To see him strain that way—it's terrible. It's just by main strength that he managed to move. Oh! you can't call that walking!"

"Sure—sure, he'll walk," Harry's voice floundered.

"I cornered Dr. Raynor; I asked him if he thought—but he wouldn't tell me... He said you never knew how much muscles might come back. He said Tom was a

great fighter and we'd have to hope... Hope," her voice broke, that's what we've been... Oh, I'm afraid..."

"Sure, he'll walk," Harry said again.

"I'm afraid he can't. I'm—Oh, you didn't close the door when you came out... Thank God! he's asleep!"

Tom had heard them. He dropped his head and pretended that he hadn't.

EMANUEL CARNEVALI

SKETCHES

I

The roads to the sun are opened and soon they will be crowded by a bunch of stray poets looking for a message from the sun.

The sun is tremendous, up high and far away. The sun washes old men's faces when they sit to sip little tiny glasses of sunlight. The sun-roads go, of course, to the infinite. All that is queer and out of the ordinary goes to the infinite. All chairs in the infinite are occupied, but we may still find chairs for poets that are very ill-smelling and dirty. The place, the infinite that is, smells bad, since dad has been sleeping there a terribly long time and his feet have perspired even during his sleep. He dreams of running on earth and in the sky and everywhere and his feet sweat even in his sleep.

It might be worse, and let it go at that.

One could write of these slight matters for years on end, but generally one stops at this point and so shall we.

II

I have seen the small phosphorescent animals that are on the flanks of a ship during the night. I have seen many queer things. I have also seen things that are not at all queer, but which depend on the human brain.

Such things manufacture literature, but the whole affair is hybrid. It is easy to let one escape. I have also heard aboard ship the noise the fog whistle makes : it

terrifies everybody. But this written down will hardly make literature. Although we may try : tremendous is the whistle, especially at night... No, no, nothing can come of it.

III

This town offers to those that live on high a wonderful fugue of roofs. Also green places between the houses. Also the brown ribbon, when it isn't silvery, of roads. Also the people, seeming busy little ants, false is this view because people in Bazzano go slowly, it being a fact that unemployment is fierce in this little town. Such people are too disgusted to be willing to run, be it even running for work. They want nothing : they are satiated with poverty and hunger and wine thirst, woman-hunger.

Upon the hill where an old castle is, one finds grass and caper plants and ivy running up the walls (it doesn't seem to creep, it looks more like running).

Birds are here and the queen of birds, the nightingale, that darling little bit of plumes and flesh (little flesh) sings an infinite song that changes very, very often.

Also an owl screeches now and then at night : they say that when one hears a solitary owl sing, one of his family must die soon. I heard, but I never had that fortune, that luck.

This town is beautiful at night: to say that it sleeps would not be correct : only its life is subdued, it breathes gently, there is no longer the day's scream, the day's grumbling, the day's desecration and defiling, the day's dissipation. The town with all its silence seems enriched by a long sight. Full of treasures it is : full of little shadows that simply must hide something. Something dreadful, something terrific, but something anyway. But no, a little shadow is sweet and the big shadows are dreadful although they hide nothing.

One could write a long hiography about little shadows.

IV

Arnaldo Pelloni is despot of this little town. His moods — and he often changes them — sway the trite brains of the people of this little town. His eyes are bovine and his fingers like enormous sausages. He is fat and terribly big for his age, he being a little over twenty.

A week before the earthquake he stopped saluting and I had a hell of a time to know what for. But, right after the eartquake he was as suddenly friendly again. In that he acted true to the whole town for there were no end of reconciliations.

He does everything uproariously.

Famous fascist he dealt severe beatings without knowing why. I do not think he ever had much of a conscience. I doubt whether he has much spirit. He sings, but he puts no soul in his singing, the fact is that he sings badly enough.

If his eyes are bovine, his ways are those of a bull.

Nightly king of the square, he is too noisy and plays too many pranks.

His spirit shows out in his face; he breathes heavily like a real ox. He has a fat soul. There is fat over all of him: but, however, he is not tranquil at all, fearing to lose his popularity in this little stupid town which gives him popularity.

Pelloni means laughter to us. He means doing nothing and terrible laughter. He is a buffoon, but that's the best he can do.

Drawing, *by Ben Sussan*

A. S. FRERE-REEVES

A CHAPTER AND A HALF

"I don't see why you have to rush back like this." She pouted.

"Dar—ling." Love and exasperation fought in his voice. "Haven't I told you I must be at the office some time today? After lunch will do, since we've already stolen an evening and morning more than we'd planned."

"Oh, all *wight*, gwumpy," she said nestling a curly head against a lapel of his coat, turning a pretty and adoring face up to his, and leaving a trail of powder on his sleeve.

The car rushed down into a gentle, wooded valley, where a village lay drowsing in the first warm flush of a summer's morning.

"Chandler's Ford," he said, "I..."

"What a lovely place;" She snuggled into his left arm, "don't go so fast. You what?"

"Know every inch of that copse," he said, slowing down, "from an old rascal of a poacher: great friend of mine when I was a boy."

"What a funny little boy you must have been." Something more than the sun's reflection danced in her eyes. There was love there — and longing. "I wish I'd always had you".

She meant it. What sort of a baby? — what were his purely boyish traits, this loose-limbed man she knew so well, yet failed to understand? Her last remark seemed to have wiped a soft, whimsical look from his moody, lined face into an impassive distant gaze that embraced horizons she could not see. Sometimes his eyes would go

a steely grey, and his hardness frightened her. But only for an instant : she knew how to handle that mood, even though it meant, at times, the stifling of a rebellious pride to do so. She hoped, one day, to be firm when those hard eyes turned upon her. She wanted to mother him; to absorb his innermost confidences, and smooth away those lines with her womanly common-sense. At times, he seemed heavy with sad thoughts, and when she tried, as she did so often, to find out what lay behind those moods, he would smile and parry her efforts with banter. Sometimes she persisted, and then the light — the light that she could kindle with a look or a gesture — would flicker out, and a cold detachment would take its place. More persistence and he would snap out a devastating sentence which would leave her with fences down, pathetically crumpled. She knew how to crumple; well enough to shake him into tenderness again.

Yes, he loved her. After his own fashion, she would add, for she had read Dowson. She wanted to be loved in her own fashion. To be his whole life, not a part, however tender a part, of it. He most pathetically wanted mothering — which was her word for managing — and, adoring him, she was determined to do it.

They ambled through Shawford. A small car swished past, doing forty. The big sixcylindered tourer gathered herself under his impatient control and they left the little fellow far behind in half a mile.

" Don't "! she cried; a hand on his arm.

" Never get back if we dawdle, " he replied. " Look over there, St. Catherine's Hill. One of the old beacon hills of the Saxons. And there's St. Cross. Give you a glass of ale and a hunk of bread and cheese if you're a genuine traveller. Most millionaires forget to pay them afterwards. There, up against St. Giles's Hill is the Cathedral. Saxon; built long before William the Konk turned up. Rufus is buried there. "

" But, darling " (they were threading into the narrow

streets) " how could savages build cathedrals ? "

He smiled into her eyes. " Ever heard of Alfred the Great ? "

" Course I have, silly " she replied.

" Then I'll shew you a statue of him. "

She sat up and gripped hands in ecstacy. " What a *heavenly* old town," she cried as they passed the Jewry, down the narrow High Street, and stopped opposite the Butter Cross to let a hay wagon pass. " I'd adore to live in a place like this. Wouldn't it be lovely, darling! "

" Um, " he said, " Here's Alfred, King of Wessex. This used to be the Capital of England when he was king. "

" I *must* see the Cathedral, " she answered, " we've heaps of time, haven't we ? "

Slowly he turned the car round a sharp narrow corner into the Cathedral Close.

" R. A. C. parking ground. " said a notice.

" Want a guide, Sir ? " asked an obsequious cockney voice from under a uniformed cap.

" Hardly, " he answered.

" That window, " (he held her arm as they passed a charabanc flock of Americans) was destroyed by Cromwell and repieced all higgledy piggledy as you see it now. "

" Why ? " she asked.

" As a monument to the beginnings of the nonconformist conscience, I presume. " He smiled into her eyes.

" D'you think we could *ever* live here ? " she asked, catching the smile up all for herself.

" Jane Austen, " was his next remark as he led her up the north aisle, " is buried here. "

" Funny, " she said, not troubling to read the beautiful words of the inscription, I've read *Pride and Prejudiced.* "

" Let's go, " he replied. We can just about lunch at Staines. "

" Lovely, " her eyes danced, " That little hotel by the

river is rather attractive. We lunched there the day we went to Windsor. D'you think Winchester's a better school than Eton?" (He was at Rugby). "Or is it damp?"

She missed his reply. Anyway it didn't matter.

On an autumn afternoon, fifteen years later, a large limousine drew into the much improved parking ground inside the Winchester Cathedral Close. A well turned out chaffeur was out of his seat and opening the door in a flash.

"Peter! take your sister's camera for her. Michael! don't kick up the rug like that. Hand me my bag, Barbara." The woman's voice was cool, and accustomed to authority. "Come along and I'll show you Jane Austen's tomb. No! no use asking your father; he doesn't want to be bothered."

A handsome woman in handsome furs moved off with a good-looking brood towards the Cathedral west door. "Parker," were her parting words, "I shall want you to be ready in half an hour. We are having tea with Dr. Slocombe at the College."

The man with the tired eyes stirred out of the car's deepest corner.

"Pick me up at the Black Swan, Parker," he said, "but if I'm not there, tell Mrs. Walsingham I'll be at the College later on."

As he strolled past the west door, he heard, faintly, his wife's voice: —

"Cromwell had a nonconformist conscience and....."

ALFRED KREYMBORG

CHASING THE CLIMATE

For days and weeks they've promised spring to us,
These natives with their braggadocio.
Look at the same old weather and compare
That slanting sleet with what the calendar
Assures the world the weather ought to be.
"We haven't seen such snow for forty years"—
Where have I heard that folderol before?
In every other egocentric place
Whose climate, quite the most unparalleled,
Decoys and dodges tourists hot and cold
Who play the fool by chasing climates so.

I haven't been to town for months, it seems,
And then I had to wear goloshes and
Carry a torn umbrella overhead
Winds of the Alps jerked back and forth till I
Became a silly puppet on a stick.
And here I sit and there you sew or stew
As if we two were dull automatons
With naught to do but dumbly meditate
On why we ever left our hateful town
For such a chilly villa old and damp,
Stuck in a valley lined with hills of mud.

Remember all the folders we perused—
Railroad, steamer, bus and automobile—
The views we scanned of islands in lagoons
Where sunny people dressed in their own skins?
With funds saved up for just one trip abroad,

Enough to buy Nirvana for awhile,
Maps of the earth spread out upon our knees.
Dozens of dreams within our means to choose,
We spent one half on train and steamer fares—
We'll need the other half to drag us back—
Lord, I'll be glad to see New York again!

The doorbell rings—a realistic voice—
Doubtless the grocer or the man with coal.
Fancy a primavera ordering these,
Or prisoners craving turnips, carrots, beans,
Which might as well be provender for sheep
For all the variation they connive.
Was ever a man so thick with self he'd think
A thumb or two against defenseless bells
Would cause a mausoleum buried deep
To resurrect its inmates long interred,
Merely to run and greet his oafish face?

Another thumb—perhaps he's Paul Revere—
Some utter clown who should have stayed in bed
And not invade the dark with messages
Nobody cares a hang to hear again
Since farmers lost their sleep and lives for him.
And yet the fellow may be something new—
Even a ghost might institute a change
And entertain the present with a past
When doors and windows opened out on paths
Intended for pedestrians, not on streams
From heavenly skies that turn the paths to ponds.

But facts must guard against hypotheses
That lay attractive snares to captivate
The cautious mind and send it galloping
After the magic lanterns of the heart.
Let's go carefully careless, nonchalant,
Nor wish for anything we haven't had,

Lest wishing bring its opposite and not
Some prodigy to save us from the shirts
We'll tear and tie in nooses round our necks :
Another day like this among these walls
And I'm for death against monotony.

The postman, do you say? One might have known.
He's left the daily papers? To be sure.
What should he leave he hasn't left of yore?
What news has any marrow in the bone?
The Times, The Daily Mail, The Mercury?—
The phraseology of yesterday.
No, don't undo the wrappers; let's reflect
On distances they've come; that'll suffice;
And shut the door on all the tides and rails
That brought them here the way they brought us here,
Only to find how commonplace we are.

We had an itch for seeing foreign peaks,
And lakes among the peaks, and feeling warm
In winter, cool in summer. Wisdom is ours
For spending gold on all the temperatures
Our twin illusions might have had at home :
An isle no longer quite so hateful now.
It comes of chasing skies to suit our skins,
When arteries beneath our skins contain
Weather to keep nostalgias equable.
Now we know more than we did yesterday :
We've bought a page of old philosophy.

Somebody said that life's a hospital
In which the patients yearn to change their beds.
Baudelaire said it, so did Schopenhauer,
Turning the page to Solomon's vanity.
Ere Dante's terzarimas rain it down
In tempests out of Purgatorio
(That's right, come over, sit beside me here),

I'll lisp my own trite version of the tune.
Whether we're homesick, farsick, hot or cold,
Let the damn heavens play the porcupine—
I am your climate, dear, and you are mine!

EFFINGHAM EVARTS

DONOVAN'S FOOL

Donovan's is—or was, at any rate—a popular, almost a celebrated speak-easy in the Village. I went there for the first time with a little Jewess called Vixie—for Victoria, I suppose. I had met her not long before and had been tight at the time. On first sight I had said 'Salome' —and since then we had been friends. She'd asked me to take her to Donovan's because, she said, she had something to tell me.

But whatever it was she had to tell me that evening slipped her mind till long after we left Donovan's. We lost ourselves completely in a tangled maze of speech and action which we observed from a point of vantage.

You enter Donovan's through a hall, the door of which—in the summer, anyway—is always open. A little way down the hall, you turn to the right into the speak-easy proper—through another open door. Nobody stops you and asks you for cards or references. You just walk in. Frank Donovan, to be sure, is everywhere in the place and no doubt sees you enter—but nobody stops you.

We grabbed a table on the right of the door and ordered drinks.

It was as though we sat behind a stage and saw the mechanism as well as the play. At our left on the other side of the door was another little table and next that, the bar stretching to the rear. Along the opposite wall were still other tables and in one corner of the front

that would have looked out on the street if the windows hadn't been shut and blinded was a larger table at which were seated four or five men and a couple of women. Next this and immediately on our right was a slightly smaller table occupied by two young men and three girls.

The whole show was before us. But because the lights were especially dim and the air thick, we couldn't see the detail clearly and because, perhaps, of what we had already drunk or because the acoustics of the room—with its low ceiling and narrow walls—were such that the hundred voices combined to make a steady resonant humming in the ears, we couldn't hear distinctly. It was as though the play was uttered in a foreign language we had learned at school and portrayed foreign manners we had never seen at all. We helped each other out as best we could. And occasionally some poignant word would cut the noise or a violent gesture spring from the fog.

'There's Frank. See—there', said Vixie, indicating. 'See, he's got a withered arm.' She gazed at the shrivelled hand intently. 'It looks like a frog's foot, don't it?'

I looked at Frank and saw him. In fact, I saw him more than anyone else that evening. He was always moving about the place with something to say to everyone who'd been there three times before and when he sat down with special friends—perhaps as long as fifteen minutes—still you couldn't help noticing where he was. Maybe it was the effect on the people he sat with. Anyway I got quite a good close-up of Frank.

In spite of his withered arm he had what you'd call an athletic figure. Perhaps it was the clothes that gave that impression. But he certainly looked well set-up. And his head went with the set-up. He had dark hair and a heavy beard which was shaven clean. Because his hair wasn't actually black—you could tell even in that atmosphere—the shaven face didn't seem blue. It merely had a certain tint. The face itself was one of

those New York Irish faces—not open like the Teutonic nor somehow lucid like the Latin—perhaps a cross between them—or maybe something entirely different. But the face was as much American as Irish. You couldn't help thinking that he was 'cheap'—and that's an American word to describe an American characteristic. The head was well modelled and the features seemed clear-cut—you couldn't tell exactly in the muddy light—maybe the nose was coarse or the eyes too close, the mouth too straight or the chin a little pronounced and the throat too full. Or maybe it was his gestures. There was something debonair about them. They had a brightness and a wit that went with his words—they, like his face, had a beautiful commonness that belongs to America and especially to New York. Maybe he wasn't cheap at all—I don't really know what the word means. But there he was—and I looked at him and saw him. And I guessed that women liked him.

'Say, Jo, Frank's drunk,' Vixie said, nudging me. 'See the way he's talking to the feller at the bar? And, lookit, now he's gone off and the guy's still talking to him.' She laughed. Or rather it was a modulation of her speech that went with a perception of the broad comedy of drunkenness.

'I don't see that he's so goddam drunk,' I said.

'O, don't you really,' she answered contemptuously. We both laughed—she understanding that Frank wasn't drunk and I that he was.

He was sitting with a girl drinking beer at the small table opposite ours. The girl wore a beret under which you could see light hair and an overcoat with a fur collar. She sat in a relaxed position that except for its natural ease would have been a sprawl. There was a kind of largeness about her—a physical largeness, perhaps, but a largeness in the quality of her personality, too. You might have called her an Amazon. Her open face and her voice that sounded like one of the deeper wood-

winds in an orchestra both agreed with this character. 'Frank-o,' she had said as Frank passed, 'sit down for a minute, won't you?' There was an anticipation in her voice and comradeship in her manner. 'You're always so damn popular—and so damn busy. Sit down for a minute.'

'Surest thing in the world,' Frank said, impersonally and briskly. 'What's on your mind Betty?' He was the perfect host—but I thought that underneath there was no good grace.

'She's drunk, too,' said Vixie.

'Maybe a little. But I kind of like her, don't you, Vixie?'

'Sure she's a pretty good skate. Yes, she's nice.'

'She must be all of thirty-five,' I said.

'*She*?' said Vixie scornfully (the woman's prerogative of judging another woman's age had been encroached on) 'she's no more than twenty-eight—maybe only twenty-six.—O, look, Jo, there's Titine Jackson. See—right there at the table on the left of where Frank's sitting. Isn't she a camp?' Vixie laughed a little in the way she had of making it merely a quality of her speech. 'Sitting all by herself. Waiting for a friend, I suppose.'

'Not bad looking,' I said. The profile and neck and the way the hair was arranged seemed to me to have a fine Italian beauty of a sort that appealed to me.

'What!' said Vixie. 'Why, she's one of the ugliest sluts I know. Really, no kidding—she really is, Jo.'

'Well,' I said, 'maybe it's the dim light in this place and the smoke!'

'And the drinks, too,' said Vixie.

Titine looked in our direction and Vixie, with the manner of a great lady bowing to an upstart, acknowleged distantly the smile and nod—supercilious herself.

After a moment Vixie continued, 'You know her father's a minister. Some place in South Carolina. But she's been living in the Village now about three years.

She usually has some kid about five years younger than her trailing around. She likes young boys like that. And the things she does—well I just can't tell you, Jo.' Her expressive voice and bearing indicated disgust. 'But Titine's not so bad, really. I mean a girl I know—Jeannette Marsh, her name is—was out of a job once—didn't have a *penny* to her name—and Titine let her stay with her a whole month—fed her and everything. I call that pretty decent, don't you?'

'Yes,' I said, not much interested.

The girl in the beret was sitting with another man. Or at least he was occupying the other chair at her table. But the girl herself was talking to the waiter.

'Gus,' she said, 'you don't get enough sleep. You can tell because of the great pockets under your eyes.'

'That's because I got a double bed,' said the waiter.

She laughed as though it had been a joke for Olympus. Then she said through her laughter, 'She's *hot*, is she?'

But the waiter, having necessary business elsewhere, had almost disappeared. She called after him, 'Bring me another beer, Gus.'

'This party here,' said Vixie in a low voice, nodding her head to indicate the table on our right, 'don't seem so very gay, do they?'

'No,' I said,' but give 'em a chance. Wait till they've had a few more drinks. They only just picked the girls up—and what do you expect?'

'Sure,' said Vixie.

'I don't think so much of them, either, do you Vixie?—except maybe the dark-haired girl—only she's got too much rouge on.'

There was a certain formality—almost stiffness—about the party on our right. We could see that they were talking about unimportant things—the weather and what they did for a living and the shows they'd seen. The boy at the end of the table had evidently had more to drink than the others—and seemed to be making better pro-

gress. He was sitting next a buxom girl of rather gross appearance and rather gross manners.

The boy at the near end of the table—he was almost at our elbow—was talking in a low voice. There was a certain deference in his bearing—as though to women in general—but he seemed completely at ease. You felt that he would make no mistake either in manners or understanding. Occasionally we could see a slight, quick motion of the head, as if a smile or some comprehension had suddenly given his face mobility.

'Shop-girls and bond-salesmen,' Vixie said indifferently.

'Well, there're some shop-girls that aren't so dumb, at that,' I said—'and some bond-salesmen, too.'

'You bet there are,' said Vixie—but without enthusiasm.

Then, catching up again the girl opposite, Vixie said, 'Jo, she *is* drunk. Listen to the way she's yelling at Frank.'

'She's in love with him,' I said.

'Sure,' said Vixie. 'Frank was always having affairs before he got married—last winter, I think it was. His wife's a cute little thing—but not too bright.—O, lookit, she hasn't got much on underneath the coat—that's why she wore it on a night like this.' Vixie giggled.

'Looks alright to me,' I said.

'Certainly, it's very pretty,' Vixie answered.

The girl called Betty had turned her chair so as to face Frank, who was now sitting with the group of seven or eight with his back to the end wall of the room. The men at the table looked like very ordinary travelling salesmen. The women were quiet, in dress and manners, and rather pretty. They didn't talk much.

'Frank-o,' said Betty, 'why don't you come and sit at my table?'

'Because I don't want to, Betty. I'm busy, can't you see?' He spoke coldly and incisively, without any

seeming irritation, but in a manner that implied finality.

'O, if that's the way you feel about it, alright.' Her voice was almost sulky. 'Say, Gus,' she called, 'get me another beer.'

At the table on our right there was a sudden commotion. The brunette was standing up, tall and straight. She was angry and a little afraid. 'I'm going,' she said. 'I won't let any man talk to me like that—and after he's asked you to go on a party, too. I never heard anything like it.'

She looked indignantly at the slightly drunk boy at the other end of the table. The coarse girl sitting by him tried to make the brunette sit down and said to her, 'O, Sadie, for God's sake, don't spoil everything.' She was herself indignant and so was her boy-friend—indignant and aggrieved. The quiet young man at our elbow had risen, too, and was talking to her as a man who understands animals talks to an unruly and frightened mare.

But Sadie would not be persuaded. 'No, no I'm going. I won't stay on a party where a man acts like that.' There was almost terror in her face and an echo of it in her voice.

Both young men offered to see her home. But the third girl with a shrug and an expression between humorous sympathy and apology said she was going, too. Sadie was her girl-friend and if Sadie went, she'd go with her. They left without escort.

Titine, perhaps attracted by this flicker of action, had moved across the room to the table on our left and next the bar. As she approached us, she said in a soft voice, 'Hello, Vixie, how've you been?' Her manner was gracious and smiling. When I saw her full face I realized she was not what I had imagined. The face was too long and thin and the eyes squinted a little and the lower lip was under-slung so as to be hardly visible at all. She

engaged in conversation with a man standing at the end of the bar.

Betty had moved to the table Frank was at and had taken the only vacant seat—at the end near us and right next the young man deserted by Sadie.

'Frank,' she said, 'you certainly look happy to-night.'

'Me, Betty? I'm always happy.'

'Yes'—the tone was part question, part sarcasm—'well—you're a man.'

'I should hope *so*,' Frank said. The other men at the table laughed.

'And a damn smart man, too,' said Betty. 'But that's because of the way you look. Everybody falls for those looks of yours. But then'—she added with the same sarcastic intonation—'you're clever, too.'

'Well—yes—I manage to get along.' His voice was light. And then he added—he seemed almost to be appealing to her better nature—'But cut that stuff, will you, Betty? Nobody's interested. I'm certainly not.'

'Cut *what* stuff, Frank? What d'you mean, Frank? Have I said anything indecent? Haven't I a right to say what I feel like to you—or to anyone else I'm talking to? Why, you act as though I was dirt under your feet—as though I was a common street-walker. And who are *you* to talk to me like that? I ask you that. Who are *you*, Frank?'

'Now listen, Betty, if you don't keep that loud mouth of yours closed, out you go, see? And I mean that, too, Betty.' His voice was hardly raised but its coldness had an anger now.

'Say, Frank, who do you think I am, anyway? A little girl just arrived from Sandusky, Ohio? Or what? Well, I'll tell you this, Frank, I don't care what you think of me, I won't be kicked out of here without a Hell of a lot of trouble, Frank. I come here and pay for my drinks and you haven't any right at all to say you'll kick me out. I don't understand what you mean,

Frank.' She was very angry and her voice was more passionate and louder than before. 'But now I'll tell you what I think of *you*, Frank. I think you're nothing but a little Irish—'

'Now listen here, Betty'—there was a certain whimsicality and a certain irony about the speech and his manner, suddenly losing its violence, was something that of a patient man ridden by a termagant—'did you girls learn to behave that way when you was at Vassar? You, a college graduate, Betty, and you don't know no better than that. And you graduated in 1925, didn't you? And after having learned so much and seen so much of life, you start making a scene in here like you were just a common trollop.'

I could not find anything surprising in the words themselves. But the tone was curious. With the apparent suppression of anger an intelligence of a sort seemed to be speaking instead of passion.

'O, well, Frank, you know that's not fair. Why do you always try and make a fool of me the way you do?'

'All right,' said Frank, as though something had been definitely concluded. He turned to resume his conversation with the friend on his right.

'Frank can be nasty if he wants to,' said Vixie. 'And it's not just what he says, either.'

'Yes, I guess that's so—But look at what's come in, Vixie.'

'The fat lady in the side-show,' said Vixie.

'And another of Frank's admirers,' I added.

We had reached the stage where we fully appreciated each other's wit—and accordingly laughed at anything intended to be humorous whichever of us said it. The present occasion for mirth was a woman fairly enough described as fat who was dressed entirely in black. She wore a hat with a rather broader brim than was the mode, turned up in back and fluted the rest of the way. She had on so far as I could tell a light wrap of some material

like satin with ribbons of the same stuff at the top, through which could be seen jewelry on her bosom and a gold chain. Rings flashed on her fingers. Everything about her was refined and dainty. And she had a tiny Pomeranian dog with her. She had put the dog on one chair at the table opposite us and herself sat—or perhaps alighted—on the other. People would pass her and stop to pat the dog and speak to it in baby language. And the fat lady would then cast her eyes down in the direction of the dog, and when the interloper left, herself would continue the conversation in baby language.

'She's rich, too,' said Vixie. 'Did you hear her ask the waiter if it was all right to park her car outside?'

In fact, Frank, himself, had left his seat for a moment to speak to her. He had asked for her health (I supposed) and said something bright at which they both laughed. Then he disappeared in the rear.

'Say, did you hear that guy?' said Vixie.

I said that I had. She was referring to the commercial traveller with a big bald head and spectacles. When Frank had moved to the rear, the commercial traveller turned to the man on his left and in a harsh voice audible even where we sat, had said, 'Say, do you know what I'd do if a girl behaved with me like that. I'd give her —', the rest was lost as he lowered his voice to confide some vulgarity unsuitable for the ears of their lady friends. His tone was that of one good fellow speaking of another who lets himself be put upon through excessive good-nature.

'That son of a bitch,' Vixie muttered in my ear. 'If I was her I know damn well what *I'd* do.'

But the girl—who had hitched her chair a little to talk to the young man at our elbow and had dropped her head a little to hear his quiet voice—merely turned enough to glance in the direction of the travelling salesman without raising her head. What might have been in her face I could not guess. But she said nothing.

Frank came back to his old seat—more jaunty, perhaps, than before. The girl was now quiet and apparently engrossed in conversation—except that occasionally she seemed to be listening to Frank rather than to her new friend. The drunk young man had got his second wind, so to speak, and now—in rather a quiet way—was necking the girl of his choice.

'Well,' said Vixie, 'that seems to be the happy ending of the evening's performance.'

'O,' I said, 'let's have one more drink before we go.'

'Not for me,' said Vixie, 'I've got ulcers of the bowels, you know, and the doctor told me not to drink—and I have *practically* cut it out. I have the most awful pains in the guts the next day—really, Jo. All through here. But you go ahead.'

I ordered another high-ball.

We talked a little about nothing—both of us bored but I intent on finishing the drink I had and perhaps another. Then something caught our eye at Frank's table. He had been full of jokes and politeness, like a banker playing with a fish on a hook. Then (like the banker who has decided to come to terms at once) he suddenly readjusted his position, and turning to face in Betty's direction, thrust his good arm across the table. The fingers and thumb circled the glass the young man next her had just given her.

'Don't give her anything more to drink,' Frank said. His face was sharper and more alert than ever and there was an intensity in it that the occasion did not seem to deserve. It was as though he was meeting an important crisis competently and deftly—and with the pleasure that comes from competence. Betty said nothing but raised her head and turned it away from Frank.

The young man was beginning to explain—politely but firmly—that he could not be expected to be interfered with in any such manner, when his drunken friend leaned over and said. 'That's the proprietor, Jim.' The young